

# LIFE

The Environment Jungle  
by Theodore H. White

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Spanish prison



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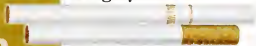
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**'But Joan, something  
is going on in the throat'**

With patience, a tape recorder and a very fine ear, Dick Meryman has produced interview-based articles on such widely differing subjects as Mae West, a ski champion, an unwed mother, and Andrew Wyeth. On page 63 of this issue is the result of his latest sortie, a double interview with operatic stars Marilyn Horne and Joan Sutherland. Here is Meryman's description of how it happened:

"Marilyn Horne was late. Joan Sutherland sat looking at me, her calm hazel eyes expectant. She is a formidable lady—five-ten at a guess, her robustness amplified by a towering upsweep of red hair and the air of command that goes with enormous accomplishment. We had met for the first time exactly five minutes earlier.

"My nervousness was increased by the prospect of conducting a dual interview, something I had never done before.

You often must *create* a good interview by steering the conversation with subtle questioning, probing inferences, never settling for easy answers. Here the subject was literally a mystery to any non-singer, and the idea of controlling two—count 'em, two—headstrong divas simultaneously seemed impossible.

"Miss Sutherland and I talked for 20 meandering minutes. She was very nice but it began to seem that voice production was far too abstruse for the simple explanations I wanted. Then suddenly here in front of us was Marilyn Horne, short but no forget-me-not, standing very erect and actually bubbling. 'Charming city, New York. Charming city. Took me thirty minutes to drive cross town.' Affectionate laughter. Sutherland, beaming, said, 'Naturally, dearie. Naturally.' She rose and the two divas clasped hands, kissed. Horne plumped herself down. 'Well, what's new in life, tra la, tra la.'

"I explained that I felt there would be great interest in the way opera singers produced their fabulous sounds. 'It'll be interesting to find out what *she* says,' remarked Horne, laughing. 'We've never gone into all that.' Whereupon they really did go into all that. The catalyst had arrived. These two extraordinary ladies set out to educate me, explaining each other, interrupting, needing, disagreeing ('But Joan, *something* is going on in the throat'). When Horne was too extravagant, Sutherland was ready to deflate. When Sutherland bogged down, Horne was ready with a salty crack. But there was always the faint feeling that of the two, Sutherland was in charge, the older sister.

"I was swept along and so was the interview. As I left after two exhilarating hours, our host, Terry McEwen of London Records, said, 'You've done an extraordinary thing. You've gotten these two together and talking—when their husbands weren't around to interrupt.'"



RICHARD MERYMAN

*Ralph Graves*  
RALPH GRAVES

**RALPH GRAVES**  
*Managing Editor*

This One



WLR2-S2Q-UPWZ

## On the beach with an old friend

The call came from the White House staff. The President wanted Robert Finch to go with him to Key Biscayne that weekend. In announcing the shift of Finch from HEW to the White House a few days before, Nixon had said that Finch henceforth "will be traveling with me both on my foreign and domestic trips and on those weekends when I go to Florida or California. . . ."

Finch thought at first that he would have to fly straight to Florida from Ohio State University where he would be delivering the commencement address ("Let's remember that students are not some sort of aliens traveling on foreign passports—but our own children"). But discussions of the trouble in Jordan delayed the President, and Finch had time to make it back to the capital. Landing at Andrews Air Force Base, he went to the VIP lounge, sat there and signed his mail. Soon came the churn of helicopters bearing the President. Finch gathered himself up and strode over the tarmac to join the party at the glistening jet. He settled in the plane's conference room which is just behind the President's private quarters and was suddenly engulfed in all that airborne luxury that goes with Air Force One: stewards with drinks, nine air-to-surface telephones and a choice of four lavatories. Finch and Bob Haldeman were the only two senior Nixon aides aboard. Technically Finch

was still Secretary of HEW, but he had now embarked upon his new journey as counselor to the President.

The jet shuddered in its momentary pause at the head of the runway, then swept into the air. Finch and Haldeman began immediately to talk about presidential business. Shortly, Nixon joined them. The land and some of the tension fell away. It was like a thousand other times, old times, when Richard Nixon had traveled with those two men. The months of running HEW had taken Finch beyond Nixon's reach and on many nights when Nixon called, Finch had been out of town or so engulfed with work he rarely got to the Oval Office. It was different now. The three men in the plane ranged over topics from politics to the Family Assistance Program. Finch and Haldeman had hamburgers and the President returned to his cabin for the measure of loneliness he sometimes relishes.

**B**ebe Rebozo and King Timahoe, the setter, met them in Florida. Haldeman and Finch took rooms in the Key Biscayne Hotel just a mile from Nixon's homes. At dinner with the President that night, conversation led from the weather to troubles with Congress. Along the way there were implicit and direct suggestions for Finch's future duties, duties sufficient to command all his energies. There were no confines to this stream of presidential consciousness. They flowed into foreign affairs as well as domestic concerns.

In the morning Haldeman and Finch were up early and breakfasted together, still talking business. Nixon cleared his desk, then scheduled another step into privacy. The choppers were back to lift him to Grand Cay in the Bahamas and the lush establishment of his friend Bob Abplanalp. For this journey, Haldeman was left behind. Nixon, Finch, Rebozo and Manolo Sanchez, Nixon's valet, spun out over the dazzling ocean. For 24 hours they and Abplanalp shared 100 acres of white beaches and sunshine.

Nixon's motor idled a bit, gathering strength, aided perhaps by the fact that, unlike other weekends since he took power, Nixon had an unencumbered Finch at his side or within hailing distance. There may be no

other man who could quite fit the role. Some who have wanted a closer relationship with the President, like Interior's Walter Hickel and HUD's George Romney, have found themselves shunted farther away.

Finch and Nixon walked the empty beaches. They talked more, about Nixon's response to the Peruvian earthquake. Had it been too late? Enough? What of the President's strength on the Hill? The elections in the fall and what Finch could do—outside the South. In moments like this, Nixon luxuriates in being scheduleless, leaping from subject to subject. The men took Abplanalp's fishing boat, *Sea Lion II*, a crewman baited their hooks and almost instantly they reeled in some groupers and yellowtails (Manolo got a triggerfish). The serious talk stuttered out completely and there were only the sounds of the boat and the water.

The choppers came again, and then there was Air Force One back to Washington. The next morning Bob Finch came by the White House, the final ritual of his new routine, one more reminder of his very special position. He proceeded to the second floor of the West Wing to see his new quarters, which are in between John Ehrlichman and Don Rumsfeld, just across the hall from the men's room. His books and other personal effects had been moved here from HEW while he was in the Bahamas.

The men privileged to go through such casual routines as that weekend may deny that they have much meaning. Others know better. The proximity, the ease of an old friendship, the slow marination in trusted judgment, help shape presidential action. Last week Richard Nixon should have been particularly aware of the need for good advice that gets through to where it counts, of the confusion that can arise from poor staff work and poor inter-organizational communications. After the President had denounced Congress for not acting on a bill he had not even sent up, after Vice President Agnew asked for the resignation of a presidential appointee whom Nixon wanted to keep, after it was announced that Education Commissioner James Alan was fired because he had failed to move programs which in fact were bogged down in the White House, it was none too soon for the President to seek a broader spectrum of contacts and counsel.



On the copter pad at Key Biscayne, at start of a weekend with the President, Robert Finch watches as Nixon rubs his Irish setter, King Timahoe.



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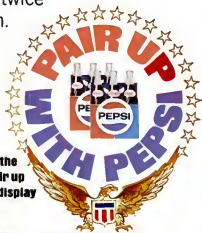


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## GALLERY

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Jay Maisel is a New York-based photographer whose assignments take him all over the world. In each of his pictures he tries to work within a "related family" of colors. The point, he says, "is not to be seduced by the rainbow." Thus a corrugated building in Long Island gently reflects the early morning glow; a soccer player in Senegal is picked out by his jersey and (next page) a Florida forest's ghostly green is subdued by the morning mist.







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## LIFE MOVIE REVIEW

### Critic's Roundup

There is nothing magical, mysterious or even interestingly mysterious about *The Magic Garden of Stanley Sweetheart*. It is, in fact, less a garden than a commercial hothouse in the business of forcing blooms its owners fancy may be popular among the flower children. Among the featured specialties on display here are pot, rock, psychedelic light shows, 16-mm. film-making and, naturally, sex. Several varieties of the last-named commodity (I use the word advisedly) are offered—the defloration and subsequent degradation of a virgin, group-groping and the careful flaunting of much public hair to prove How Honest and Unashamed We All Are.

Now, none of the characters flourishing in this acid soil are more than stereotypical and so nothing very interesting can happen beyond an ar-



*Sweetheart and sweetheart*

bitrary arrangement of sensations, mostly visual. (For example, the title character is left pretty much as we found him, seeking relief from his innocent *Weltschmerz* through libidinal exercises of excruciating predictability.) The problem is that Robert T. Westbrook, who adapted his own novel for the screen, and Leonard Horn, who directed, appear to have no feeling (sympathetic, satirical or you-name-it) for their characters and hence no point of view toward them in particular or toward youth in general—a failing I suppose we should expect of people who think of youth as a market to be exploited instead of a recognizable stage in human development to be explored. In short, *Stanley Sweetheart* is a piece of cold, if ill-calculated, cynicism that tries to cover its tracks by zapping us with all sorts of visual tricks and trips. These are not, at this late date, so wonderful or original as their perpetrators think they are. I imagine that even the most narcissistic of our youth will see the film for what it is, a concretization and manipulation of materials they have consumer-tested and approved in previous films, unconsciously and ineptly thrown at them one more time by movie makers who checked last year's grosses, all right, but who lack the intelligence or the sensibility for

more delicate or significant studies.

*Stanley Sweetheart* has an exhausted and desperate air about it—as if, perhaps, those connected with it sensed that the youth cycle, like so many other cycles that were supposed to restore the movie industry to its former economic vitality, had begun to play itself out even as they were latching on to it. If so, this is significant news, which may be interpreted to mean that our cultural life has so speeded up that it is no longer possible for the movies' businessmen to catch hold of fads profitably. It takes a year or more to crank up an imitation of a current success, by which time the audience—especially the highly volatile kids—will have moved on to some other preoccupation. This of course means abandoning the last pretense that producers are involved in a rational, quantifiable, reducible-to-statistics enterprise. It means embracing the revolutionarily assumption that they are engaged, like it or not, in at least predictable enterprises, the creation of art. Which means, finally, that they must entrust their money and their futures to people possessed by visions—in other words, to crazy people. That'll be the day, won't it?

Still, I suspect it may come sooner than anyone expects. Possibly I'm jaded (an occasional occupational hazard easily cured by seeing a couple of decent films) but it does seem to me that the current run of releases is as bad as it can be. Less than a year ago, in pictures as disparate as *Easy Rider* and *Putney Swope*, *Alice's Restaurant* and *Medium Cool*, one glimpsed the possibility of a new, free-form cinema, even the imperfections of which challenged us. Now, a minute later as it were, a thing like *Stanley Sweetheart* unconsciously parodies much that was good and fresh in those films. But if youth-oriented films are a drag, consider the possibilities for boredom in movies that work some of the older, more run-down movie neighborhoods. For example:

Two Mules for Sister Sara. Produced by Martin Rackin, whose last wonderful idea was to remake *Stagecoach*, this is another of those inev-



*MacLaine and would-be rapist*

itably tasteless tales about the rough, tough male who rescues a nun from danger and is forced to spend considerable time sharing further hardships with her, meanwhile falling



in love. There are, of course, only two acceptable ways to end the story—no noble renunciation or the discovery that the lady's vows aren't binding. This time it turns out they are nonexistent—Sister Sara is a hooker in disguise, the better to elude pursuit by Maximilian's troops as she attempts to aid the freedom fighters in Mexico, circa 1865. The picture is directed with more *flair* than it deserves by Don Siegel, who has made a career of rising above his material. But the performances of Shirley MacLaine and Clint Eastwood may charitably be described as shamefaced. The resurrection of clichés is always a dubious proposition, but the revival of ones that were vulgar from the start strikes me as little short of insanity.



An intra-platoon scuffle

**T**oo Late the Hero is the one about the World War II platoon of outcasts and oddballs given a feckless assignment behind Japanese lines and then stumbling, squabbling and griping their way through it. Cliff Robertson and Michael Caine are, as usual, appealing in the leading roles and Director Robert Aldrich and Lukas Heller, who coauthored the film with him, have concocted an interesting gimmick—pursuit of the mission's survivors by a Japanese officer who obviously majored in psychology at U.S.C. before the war. He totes around a huge and deafening loud-speaker system with which to broadcast threats and persuasions to surrender every time his enemies try to get a minute's rest from his dogged chase. The ending—a mad run across an open field to safety—is also suspenseful. Still, one can't help but feel we've been slogging through this movie jungle since childhood and that as long as they're selling off Gable's trench coat and Garland's red shoes they might as well peddle this basic story as well.

**W**hile they're at it, they can throw in *The Lady-in-Distress* and *No-One-Willing-to-Help* story, too. It's an old favorite of Alfred Hitchcock's and very nice it used to be. Now it has fallen into the hands of René Clément and he apes some of Hitch's best devices—the murdered man who won't stay dead, the ambiguous stranger who comes on menacing but

turns out nice. Clément even names the character around whom the action revolves—“MacGuffin.” Hitchcock's pet name for the device—whatever it is—that starts his plots spinning. But *Rider on the Rain* lacks the humor, the humanity and the sure sense of *mise*



Marlene Jobert in distress

en scène that distinguishes Hitchcock's great entertainments. Undoubtedly M. Clément intended *Rider* as homage to a director's director; instead, it marks a sad decline in his own creative energy. From the artful sensitivity of *Forbidden Games* to the sophisticated scares of *Purple Noon* to the slack shallowness and childlike elaborateness of plot on view here is a far fall for a man of talent.

**F**inally, the only comfort I have to offer the desperate is a journey *Beneath the Planet of the Apes*. The simians are not quite as shocking as they were when they first burst upon us two years ago. In fact, they seem rather like comfortable, understandable old friends, afflicted as they are with a disaffected intellectual class (the chimpanzees), picketing students and a military-industrial complex at least as fat-headed as our own. The apes, in short, go right on repeating man's mistakes and Charlton Heston, still



Militants call for gorilla warfare

hanging around from the first *Apes* film, and James Franciscus, as the astronaut sent out to rescue him, are, by turns, rendered irritable and desperate by their refusal to learn from history. This time we discover a race of mutants out there in the forbidden zone, living in the remains of the New York subway. By the time the men go ape and the apes go man a pretty mess results—so big a one that I don't see how a sequel can possibly be made to the sequel. Probably just as well—two times around is enough with this idea. But the film maintains the technical polish and the concerned viewpoint of its predecessor and I think you'll be entertained and mildly edified by it. That may not seem much of a recommendation, but given the context it is damn near a rave.

by Richard Schickel



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## LIFE BOOK REVIEW

### The spy who came in from 1882

TIME AND AGAIN

by JACK FINNEY  
(Simon & Schuster) \$7.95

*Sleep. And when you wake, everything you know of the 20th Century will be gone from your mind. It's beginning to happen now. . . . Tonight [is] January 21, 1882. There are no such things as automobiles . . . no planes, computers, television, "Nuclear" and "electronics" appear in no dictionary. You have never heard the name Richard Nixon. . . .*

A year ago the words you just read might have sounded like a George Wallace campaign promise. If you've been following the news lately, they may offer exactly the vacation you're looking for. Fleec now, pray later. Hook up the hammock, break out the time-travel card and let a shrewd old screenwriter named Jack Finney (*Good Neighbor Sam*, *Assault on a Queen*) whisk you away on one of the year's most entertaining word trips. *Time and Again* may not be belles lettres but it's just about everything else. Ingenious sci-fi, cute puzzler, edgy thriller, brass-busting satire, gloriously sentimental lament for the good old days—and on top of all that the innocent sort of love story we haven't been told since the proper Pill for young ladies was Lydia Pinkham's.

The hero is a bored young commercial artist named Si Morely and his time-trip is sponsored by a top-secret federal project. Winkled out of obscurity by a Pentagon computer, he is put through a crash course on the 1880s and then trained to slip out of one time-skin and into another. And how does he do that? Beats me. One minute you're reading a lot of hypnotic guff about trance states, Einsteinian simultaneities and the mind-matter continuum. A minute later—zip-flip! it's 1882, and Si is staring in horror at Fifth Avenue.

"Tiny! Narrow! Cobbled! A tree-lined residential street!" But further down, at 23rd Street, "vehicles were pouring in from Broadway . . . and every wheel was wrapped in iron that smashed and rang against the cobbles. Wood groaned, chains rattled, leather creaked, whips cracked against horseflesh, men shouted and cursed, and no street I've ever seen of the 20th Century made even half that brain-numbing sound."

Si has of course been strictly enjoined to avoid involvement in all this wonderful, pulsating prevariousness. "To alter the past would be to alter the future which derives from it," an utterly unacceptable risk. "So what

does he do? He falls in love with the first pretty miss he meets, a girl named Julia. Julia, alas, is engaged to a bearded villain. To save her from his vile embrace, the hero . . .

You get the idea. There's blackmail, eavesdropping, murder, conflagration, police brutality, corruption in high places and a great chase sequence that winds up with Si and Julia hiding in the Statue of Liberty's arm—did you know that in 1882 a section of Miss Liberty's forearm, detached from the statue, was standing in Madison Square? Well, it was, and there the lovers huddle as the police



Photo of the Dakota, from the book

close in. What would you do? Si gets the same idea. Zip-flip! It's 1970. And Julia is puzzled. "Si," she murmurs, "I hear waves!"

It's a moment that, like most of the book, hollers for a camera, and I dig it with all my vulgar, movie-going heart. Also what happens next. Inflamed by its sudden power to rewrite history in America's favor, the Nixon administration requests Si to return to 1882 and eliminate Castro by setting up the retroactive annexation of Cuba. But best of all—no, the only thing I'll say about the ending is that O. Henry never pulled off a sweeter one.

Objections are admitted in order. Author Finney makes no claim to be more than an entertainer, but even as an entertainer he turns out to be a one-ounce juggler. His descriptions read like entries in an antique catalogue and the reminiscent photographs that intersperse the text are merely subtleties in reverse. As for Finney's characters, I'd call them dandruff on the shoulder of literature. All the author has really got is a gimmick, a trick. But it's a fascinating trick, performed by a clever trickster. In the next few months he will be pulling quite a few coins out of the air.

by Brad Darrach

Mr. Darrach, a free-lance writer, was formerly TIME movie critic.

# When the summer salad has to be just right, use the rice that can't go wrong.



You stirred with a wooden spoon, gently, gently, so nothing would bruise.

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½ teaspoon salt  
1½ cups water  
1-1/3 cups Minute® Rice  
¼ cup chopped dill pickle  
1 teaspoon grated onion  
Dash of pepper  
1 cup thin strips cooked ham  
1 cup thin strips Swiss cheese  
½ cup mayonnaise

Bring peas, salt, and water to boil; simmer 2 minutes. Stir in rice. Cover; remove from heat. Let stand 5 minutes; stir in pickle, onion, and pepper. Chill. Gently stir in remaining ingredients. Serve on greens with tomato wedges. Serves 6.



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## LIFE BOOK REVIEW

### The artist as a devoured oyster

BALDUR'S GATE  
by ELEANOR CLARK  
(Pantheon Books) \$7.95

*The starfish... wraps its arms around the oyster, clamping on with its suckerlike feet, and proceeds, not to kill it quickly which it can't do, but to exhaust it... a foredoomed struggle between two muscular structures goes on to the limit of strength...*

Eleanor Clark described this duel in her elegant and unusual *The Oysters of Locmariaquer*, winner of a 1964 National Book Award. In *Baldur's Gate*, her second novel, an elderly sculptor and visionary—a sort of bush-league Buckminster Fuller—is wrestled from his shell of drunken oblivion to be consumed when fully conscious. And if the old artist is the oyster, what then is the starfish? Ah, life itself.

"Passions spin the plot," George Meredith wrote in his famous verse cycle, and also "The actors are, it seems, the usual three: husband and wife and lover." Both specifications appear to apply to this story of modern love: Eva Buckingham risks her sound marriage to the good and handsome Lucas in an affair with Baldur's cynical son Jack. But in fact it isn't passion that spins the plot so much as the need to restructure her humiliating past. And the important actors include not only the "usual three" but also their parents who, though all dead save Baldur, still pull the strings that twitch Eva, Lucas and Jack toward each other and apart.

Eva, the narrator, has a classic history of rejection. Her mother disliked her, her father was indifferent. A family scandal, in no way her fault, brought ostracism from her idol, the brilliant local chateleine Adelpia Pryden and consequently from the society of their small New England town. She is even jilted by Jack, Miss Pryden's nephew. He leaves, Miss Pryden dies, her family is washed up, yet Eva lingers on in the old hometown, eventually marrying the mysterious Lucas who appears from nowhere saving Happy Breed.

As the novel begins, Jack returns to town after a 14-year absence and at the height of a dazzling scientific career. Although she is quietly content with the simple, sunny Lucas and their little boy and is clearly aware of Jack's cold egotism, Eva unhesitatingly takes him on. Not for pleasure, but to exorcise that unrecanted past.

Self-sufficient as he appears, Jack is also seeking love withheld, but not that of a mistress or a mother: Eva is



Miss Clark in Connecticut

a mere convenience to him, and years ago he learned and easily accepted the fact (only recently whispered in the village) that Adelpia Pryden was more than his aunt. For the creation of her child, Miss Pryden in her vanity would really have preferred parthenogenesis. She found the next best thing: the brief, ironic collaboration of a gifted artist who happened to be a casual old friend. By mutual agreement that was the total extent of his paternity; Jack only learned the secret from papers found after her death. Confronted nearly four decades later with Jack's reproaches and desperate emotional need, Baldur returns from his cosy living death. Too late: like Baldur's enemy Loki in Norse mythology, Jack is destructive beyond redemption. The old man's belated affection settles instead on his son's opposite and rival, the Apellon (the book is a symbolic myth-mash) Lucas.

Into this story of an old artist and his three protégés are folded several entire short novels. These are less related to the central narrative by plot devices than by mood and message, i.e., the rough-diamond real-estate developer with a bankrupting vision of a beautiful community, the gentle farmer whose brother's death is echoed in his child's. No one gets what he wants, most lose what they love. Yet despite the prevailing pessimism and a singular absence of humor which is the novel's greatest flaw, the intensity of the characters, the polish of the style and the operation of a real intelligence keep this from being a depressing book. And there is a joyful reunion at last. "Some people," wrote Nabokov, "and I am one of them, hate happy ends. We feel cheated. Harm is the norm. Doom should not jam." Perhaps, but after such a long tale of parental ineptitude one is relieved to conclude with at least one happy family.

If publishing were the Westminster Show, *Baldur's Gate* might win a ribbon as a St. Bernard, slow, sure-footed and slightly mournful but nevertheless handsome, humane and perfect company for a summer trip to the mountains.

**by Audrey C. Foote**

*Mrs. Foote is a translator and a literary critic.*



# AVANT-GARDE

On March 16, 1968, Pablo Picasso, the pre-eminent artist of our time, commenced work on a series of engravings that he predicted would become "my most sought-after—and possibly scandalous—work." They were to be a series of pictures portraying every aspect of sexual pleasure. Picasso had wanted to create such a series for over 65 years, he confided to Aldo Crommelynck, his engraving-press printer, and he intended it to stand as "an abiding celebration of life itself."

For nearly seven months Picasso worked in a creative frenzy at his studio in Mougins, France, turning out as many as four engravings in a single day, often with as many as six variations of each. "Ole!", "Bravo!", "Magnifico!", he would exclaim as each new engraving was pulled from the press, and so ecstatic was he over the quality of the work that on several occasions he summoned friends from as far off as London and New York to view the work in progress. Finally, on October 5th, he bundled the engravings together, inscribed them with the title "347 Gravesures," and announced "Yai!" ("It is finished!")

The engravings Picasso had created are, collectively, his masterpiece, a fitting climax to the career of a man whose dedication, both in personal life and work, has been to the sensual. "Without the awakening of ardent love, no life—and therefore no art—has any meaning," Picasso is quoted by his biographer, Roland Penrose, as saying. And nowhere in the prodigious, 30,000-piece oeuvre of this fertile genius has ardent love been more beautifully—or joyfully—portrayed. Throughout the engravings, voluptuous male/female themselves, inflamed satyr/pursued their quarry, and troupes of acrobats cavort in a circus of sensuousness. Picasso's irrepressible love of mischief is in evidence, too, in scenes of pompous grandees cuckolded, harems invaded, and lustful painters seducing their models. The last scene is the one most often repeated in the series, with the painters pockmarked to resemble Rembrandt, Raphael, and, of course, Picasso himself. (Picasso's life-long friend, Max Jacob, has said, "Picasso would much rather be remembered as a famous Don Juan than an artist.") All in all, Picasso's "347 Gravesures" reflect such consummate craftsmanship, timeless subject matter, and sublime inspiration as to ensure their place as the greatest art treasure of the 20th Century.

If the artistic value of "347 Gravesures" is considerable, its commercial value is perhaps even greater. The engravings, which have been printed in a limited edition of 50 sets, have fetched a price of approximately *ten million dollars!* This is more than has ever before been paid for a work of art. Moreover, because of

rumors that circulated throughout the art world concerning the superexclusivity of the engravings, all 50 sets were subscribed to even before Picasso had finished making them!

Art critics who have seen the engravings have been positively apoplectic in their praise. "These etchings reach the zenith of man's creative power. They rank with 'Hamlet,' Beethoven's Ninth Symphony, and Michelangelo's 'Last Judgment.' That is to say, they are classic," says Robert Glauber, of Skyline. LIFE: "Picasso's most trenchant exploration of sex and sexuality...As never before, the master seems bent on describing that idyllic state wherein the spirit and flesh are one." Herald-Tribune (Paris): "A major undertaking...amazing...extraordinary...staggering...incredible. Picasso's brilliance conquers all." TIME: "A virtuoso performance." Armand St. Clair, Revue de Paris: "Mesmerizing...If I had a choice among all the works Picasso has produced, I would take this one without hesitation." Franz Schulze, Chicago Daily News: "What a difference between Picasso's view of sex and the smuggering, gull-fronted American pornography of today." Brian Fitzherbert, Nova: "Once again, Picasso demonstrates his astounding power of regeneration." Harold Joachim, Curator of Prints, Art Institute of Chicago: "Astounding...A compelling testimony of Picasso's amazing energy and power of invention at the age of 87." Harold Haydon, Chicago Sun-Times: "A great surprise package...Unparalleled for sustained interest and quality." Pierre Cabanne, Plexus: "The Last Will and Testament of the father of modern art."

It is with great pride, therefore, and humility, that the editors of Avant-Garde announce that their magazine has been chosen as the medium through which Picasso's monumental new work will be shown to the world. Picasso's Paris representative, the Societe de la Propriete Artistique, has appointed Avant-Garde as the sole proponent for presentation of the quintessence of "347 Gravesures." Mindful of the awesome responsibility that this singular honor imposes, the editors of Avant-Garde have spared neither expense nor effort to ensure that "347 Gravesures" receives the premiere it deserves.

To begin with, an entire issue of Avant-Garde—64 pages—will be devoted exclusively to this one subject. The issue will carry no advertising. The world's foremost graphic designer, Herb Lubalin, has been retained to design this special issue. Costly antique paper stocks and flame-set colored inks will be used throughout. The issue will be printed by time-consuming duotone offset lithography and will be bound in 12-point Fontlake boards, for permanent preservation. All in all, this lavishly

produced issue of Avant-Garde will more closely resemble an expensive art folio than a magazine. The editors of Avant-Garde are determined that their presentation of the quintessence of Picasso's "347 Gravesures" will be a landmark not only in the history of art, but in publishing, as well.

Copies of this special collector's edition of Avant-Garde are not being offered for sale; they are being given away—FREE—to a gift to all new subscribers to Avant-Garde.

In case you've never heard of Avant-Garde, let us explain that it is the most beautiful—and daring—magazine in America today. Although launched only two years ago, already it has earned a reputation as the outstanding showcase for the exhibition of creative talent. This reputation stems from Avant-Garde's editorial policy of complete and absolute freedom of creative expression. Avant-Garde steadfastly refuses to sacrifice creative genius on the altar of "morality" (the motto of the magazine is "Down with blueprints, blue laws, and blue pencils"). Thus, the world's most gifted artists, writers, and photographers continually bring to Avant-Garde their most uninhibited and inspired-works. Avant-Garde serves consistently—as a haven for the painting that is "too daring," the novella that is "too outrageous," the poem that is "too sensuous," the cartoon that is "too satirical," the reportage that is "too graphic," the opinion that is "too candid," the photograph that is "too explicit." Avant-Garde is proud of its reputation as the wild game sanctuary of American arts and letters.

In addition to Picasso, contributors to Avant-Garde include such renowned figures as Norman Mailer, Arthur Miller, Andrew Wyeth, Kenneth Tynan, Dan Greenburg, Phil Ochs, Allen Ginsberg, Dr. Karl Menninger, Carl Fischer, Paul Kravner, Andy Warhol, Edith Elkofon, Warren Borison, Peter Max, Richard Avedon, John Updike, Roald Dahl, Art Kane, Charles Schulz, Bert Stern, Richard Lindner, Yevgeny Yevtushenko, S.J. Perelman, James Baldwin, Alan Watts, Salvador Dali, Terry Southern, Isaac Bashevis Singer, Ashley Montagu, William Burroughs, Paul Goodman, Kenneth Rexford, Harper Lee, Jean Genet, and Marshall McLuhan.


Critics everywhere have spent themselves in a veritable orgy of praise over Avant-Garde. "Realities cracks, untold weird buds, rejoice! Avant-Garde has arrived bearing mind-treasures of major proportions," says the San Francisco Chronicle. "Avant-Garde is guaranteed to shake the cobwebs out of the mind," says the Los Angeles Herald-Examiner. "An exotic literary menu...A wild new thing on the New York

scene," says Encounter. "Avant-Garde is aimed at readers of superior intelligence and cultivated taste who are interested in the arts, politics, science and sex," says The New York Times. "The fantastic artwork, alone, is worth the price of the magazine," says the News Project. "Off-beat, arty, sexy," says the New York Daily News. "A field manual by the avant-garde," says the avant-garde," says New York critic Robert Reiner. "Avant-Garde's articles on cinema, rock, and the New Scene are a stoned groove," says the East Village Other. "It's the sawn-off shotgun of American critical writing," says the New Statesman. "Its graphics are stylish," says TIME. "Avant-Garde is MAGAZINE POWER!" says poet Harold Seldes. "Wow! What a ferrix wheel! I was high for a week after reading it," says the pop critic of Cavalier.

Subscriptions to Avant-Garde ordinarily cost \$10 per year. In conjunction with this special Picasso erotic engravings offer, however, we are offering ten-month introductory subscriptions for *ONLY \$5!* This is virtually *HALF PRICE!!* To enter your subscription (five issues)—and obtain a copy of the *Picasso erotic engravings folio ABSOLUTELY FREE!*—simply fill out the coupon below and mail it with \$5 for Avant-Garde, 110 W. 40th St., New York, N.Y. 10018.

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# Don't elope



Look what you'll be missing.

## LIFE BOOK REVIEW

### An Italian Portnoy's Irish complaint

PRINCIPATO  
by TOM McHALE  
(The Viking Press) \$8.95

Just as Jewish fiction appears to be phasing itself out, with *Portnoy* as its decadent phase and *Mr. Summer* its last Schrei, Catholic America may be stepping in to fill the ethnic gap (with quite a little help from its black friends, *Friends?*). This black comedy of Italian and Irish life in Philadelphia, at any rate, could be a sign that something is brewing in the shadow of the Church, something far less pulpy and *al dente* than mafiosi godfathers and mawkish last hurrahs. This is not to say that either Frank Sinatra and his Americans of Italian Descent or the militants of the Society of Jesus will purr with contentment should they happen to look into these pages for a narcissistically good read. *Principato* is a good read though and true-believing hyphenates will see themselves through Tom McHale's literary glass, but darkly.

Death hangs heavy over Principato, the wise fool and antihero of this first novel. He is descended from an Italian-American coffinmaker and married to an Irish-American woman who comes from a family of prominent undertakers. His father is dying of throat cancer and insists, to the horror of Principato's mortuary in-laws, on cremation. To make matters worse for the in-laws—a ferociously pious lot with a sinister old Jesuit professor in the family—old Principato doesn't seem likely to accept the last rites from a priest. For 35 years, this "great sad bulk" of a patriarch has refused to go to Mass. "The Defiance," as he calls his stubborn apostasy, began when he stomped out of church after a vocal dispute with the celebrant, one Monsignor Allergucci. And every Friday thereafter he has called Allergucci to confess telephonically and taunt him with his lost soul.

If old Principato is a forceful and foxy grandpa waging holy war on the Church, his son is an apparent victim of the dourest, most life-denying Celtic wing of the American Church. He has suffered unmanfully for years at the hands of a wife so unappealing and zombie-like that it required a plot by her family and what amounts to a death wish on Principato's part to make him marry her. She gave him a funeral home as dowry and a brood of etiolated, spiritless children to round out his misery.

At least it would be misery, sheer and simple, if Principato weren't the wry superiority he is. Italian scapegoat for pinched Irish superiority, he shrugs off the vampire clutch of his absurdly morbid milieu and with that

shrug, that wryness, turns the whole oppressive ultramontane nightmare into a macabre Edward Gorey illustration. His wife's family is awful, but deliciously awful.

And the death-in-life it represents can be escaped. Principato symbolically rejects death through his job, as a caseworker at a home for unwed mothers. He rejects it, moreover, in the most literal way, by impregnating one of his cases, a gloriously lithe and lovely black woman, Myra Phee. You



Tom McHale

couldn't exactly call this life-giving interlude with Myra a deliberate act of defiance. But on another occasion, when Principato performs as the conscious and willing stud for an Irish behemoth called Corky, he embarks on a conscious, if grotesque, rebellion. They meet in a clandestine love nest Corky has prepared in her brother's warehouse in the hope that another man will give her the child her burly husband couldn't during 23 years of marriage. Their lovemaking is epic: "A frightened Principato clung desperately to her great ship of a body and saw the light of the Princess telephone across the room pitching and diving like the faraway light of another ship caught in the same storm."

This and other life-dealing acts occur with Principato's father dying in the background. Eventually the old man passes away, still magnificently defiant (while leaving all his money quietly to the Church) surrounded by a mob of priests hellbent on giving him extreme unction. Religiously, this set-piece ending is ambiguous and makes sense, like everything else in this deft novel, only as genially subversive satire.

by Harvey Peterborough

Mr. Peterborough is an editor, critic and teacher of creative writing.

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**LIFE** THEATER REVIEW

## Tribal customs of an odd island

COMPANY

**M**argaret Mead, perhaps, should be judging *Company* instead of me since it deals with marriage customs and attitudes among a group of eccentric islanders. I cannot guess how Miss Mead would react, anthropologically, to this lively musical survey of a small Manhattan tribe. But I believe that she, along with me, would rate it decidedly superior entertainment.

A principal tribesman in the show is a handsome bachelor named Robert, variously called Robbie, Bobbo, Bobby-baby, Sweetie, Angel and Bubi. At 35, Robert cohabits off and on with three winsome and independent chicks and serves as a household pet for five married couples who are always inviting Available Bob over for dinner, a concert or Scrabble. Bob is a miracle of tact and usefulness. He takes the kids to the zoo, brings flowers, generates fun. Yet for his own good and for tribal unity his charms wish he'd marry and settle down.

That's about all there is to *Company* in the way of basic plot.

But in other ways there are rich dividends. The stage set is a wonder. Designed by Boris Aronson, it is a gleaming steel scaffold with many platforms and high perches to which the actors travel on cue by elevators—easily the best elevator service in New York.

In this all-purpose eyrie Bachelor Bob takes part in five comic interludes from his friends' marriages.

1 Sarah & Harry, hung up on dieting and swearing off booze. Sarah practices parlor karate on Harry. 2 Peter & Susan, upset by raising children in city penthouse. Divorce? 3 Jenny & David, dabbling in marijuana. Generally genial.

4 Amy & Paul, after a long gay affair, deciding to wed. Amy scared. 5 Joanne & Larry, worldly, well-suited. Joanne angling for Bob.

**A**re these fairly craggy alliances what frightens Bob away from marriage? I doubt it. Look carefully, and you will see that all the teams are working pretty well, and old Bob, in truth, is simply a harmless marital cop-out. So if it was the intention of author George Furth, who wrote the book of *Company*, to launch a scathing attack on the hollowness of Manhattan marriages, I think he has misfired. What Furth has achieved, though, is to show up the cliché chatter, the tribal back-patting and desperate dependencies of some of us company-crawlers: people who need people. And most of it is funny stuff.

*Company* benefits by the whip-smart direction of Producer Harold



Dean Jones

Prince, and an exceptionally personable bunch of young performers, headed by Dean Jones as Bob, who dance and hold their high notes as firmly as they hold their cocktail glasses.

But the hero of *Company* is Stephen Sondheim, who wrote music and lyrics. Some years ago Sondheim did lyrics for two Broadway landmarks, *West Side Story* and *Gypsy*, and some tunes he has written for various shows have also been heard. Now for the first time his talents are perfectly in tandem. Sondheim joins the almost extinct breed of lyricists, such as the late Lorenz Hart, who tat words together in intricate rhymes and patterns that are as beautiful to see as the workings of a superb Swiss watch. For myself (I have fallen under the spell of rock music in which the words are often no more than a wad of verbal mush thrown in your ear) the clarity and craft of Sondheim's lyrics are exhilarating. Yet Sondheim doesn't let his word tricks stand in the way of a simple and chilling perception. In a song satirically extolling the joys of a cozy threesome, Bob sings,

*One is lonely, and two is boring.  
Think what you can keep ignoring,  
Side by side by side.*

Then in a sly admission of his own immaturity, Bob describes his usefulness as a regular houseguest.

*Friendship forbids anything bitter,  
Being the kids as well as the sitter.  
And toward the end, in a great song called *The Ladies Who Lunch*, Sondheim gives Elaine Stritch a chance to lambaste magnificently the rich, chic New Yorkers who guzzle and gabble their empty lives away. Musically Sondheim's songs are tuneful without being trite, and their very jauntiness gives added irony to his acerbity.*

*Company* has won the Critics Award as the season's best musical. My initial judgment was that it is caustic enough to be called Broadway's first black comedy set to music. But on reflection I think *Company* is an optimistic show. Wouldn't you agree, Miss Mead, that evidence of so much self-criticism in any tribe is a hopeful sign?

**by Tom Prideaux**  
LIFE Theater Editor



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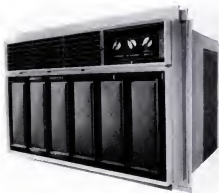
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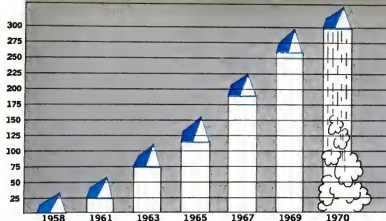
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## PICTURES TO THE EDITORS

Sirs:

To obey or not to obey? That was the question. This Dane chose love over duty and snuggled up to the judge in the course of an obedience class for Great Dane puppies in Milwaukee.

George R. Cassidy

Oconomowoc, Wis.



Sirs:

The bedmates are my son, 1st Lt. John E. Cain, home on leave from the Army, and Bippie, a mongrel we acquired while he was in training. Bippie always sleeps on her back because of a twitch that bothers her if she sleeps on her side. If she hasn't a bedmate to prop her up, she sleeps against a wall. She just moved in on John. I took the picture as a joke, but it is a wonderful keepsake. John is now flying a chopper in Vietnam.

Bob Cain

Tavernier, Fla.







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# LETTERS TO THE EDITORS

## MOUNTAIN LIONS

Sirs: The citizens of Arizona were not aware that our mountain lion was in danger of becoming extinct through the new methods of trapping and poisoning until your article of March 13. They just presumed there would always be mountain lions in Arizona because there always have been.

At a meeting of the Prescott Sportsmans Club on April 27, one of the hunters in for an open season and bounty on lions called your article "inflammatory and sentimental."

Many readers will be glad to learn that Arizona is no longer the only state to have a bounty on lions. In effect, the bounty will be removed as of July 1, 1970, as the Game and Fish Commission has placed regulatory controls on the killing of lions with a limit of one per hunt per year. Please continue to print "inflammatory and sentimental" articles.

JO OSTERMAN

Prescott, Ariz.

## REMODELING

Sirs: Your article "Repair to Meet Thy Doom" (June 5), was just like reading pages from a book I intend to write some day: "HINTS ON REMODELING—DON'T!"

ALFRED O. BELTZ

Daly City, Calif.

Sirs: Your article on home repairs has left me in a state of complete heh-heh-heh—characterized by uncontrollable laughter.

My husband and I, after reading and being inspired by an earlier LIFE article, built an addition to our home. We did all the electrical, plumbing and construction work ourselves. The windows and the installation brought your article right home.

Our addition required breaking through the walls of our dining room and kitchen. Our windows were faithfully promised the second week in April, so we broke on through. Until May 14, we existed in a house protected only by plastic sheeting. We lived through the glorious Chicago spring cold and moonlike rains, entertained in overcoats, watched the cat sneak through the inevitable holes with mice and birds clutched in his jaws, laughed hysterically each night as I dutifully locked the front door—knowing that the back was wide open—and shook with unbridled fear while my husband traveled.

We called at least every other day, always to be assured of a new delivery date. I just couldn't describe the installation. Doors were scratched, put on backwards, handles lost, cracked, and assembled upside down. Redwood paneling was gouged and splintered. It is with great compassion that I now look upon all those poor souls who must depend on outside help for everything.

BARBARA MARK

Evanston, Ill.

Sirs: You portray the craftsman as a person with a slightly off-linear general attitude. Of course, we have oddballs and crooks, just the same as stockbrokers or statesmen. But in general, the man who works with his hands is treated with contempt.

J. H. KERN

Houston, Texas

Sirs: McWhirter hits the nail right on the head! It is my belief that towns should start setting standards for carpenters and other so-called craftsmen and enforce them rigidly. To leave standard-setting up to the carpenters and other craftsmen themselves is unrealistic and too self-serving.

P. PETER KOVATIS

Cedar Grove, N.J.

Sirs: Boy, would I love to have a dozen copies of that article by William A. McWhirter—six to send to "craftsmen" who have already crossed my path, and six to the ones in my future.

ANN GERBER

Westbury, N.Y.

Sirs: Much of what Mr. McWhirter says is true. If you want to "save money" and more important, save aggravation, get a good general contractor and leave him alone.

FRANK J. DAMA

Orlando, Fla.

Sirs: I could tell you many stories about customers being more ridiculous than the tradesmen you mentioned.

H. E. STINE

Solana Beach, Calif.

## RECESSION

Sirs: There's a terrific story in your statement ("A Gloomy Feeling," June 5)—"In 18 months the jagged downward slide of the Dow-Jones average from 985.21 to 631.16 has reflected a 36% decrease in stock values—the greatest loss since the historic market crash of '29." As measured by the same averages, the Roosevelt Bear Market: 194.40 on March 10, 1937, to 98.95 on March 31, 1938 was a 49% decline in stock values.

ROBERT A. DELUCIO

Dearborn Heights, Mich.

► *In terms of percentage, the recent drop included less than the 1937-38 slump, but the dollar loss to the investor this time was immensely greater.*—ED.

Sirs: No one with an ounce of human feeling can fail to sympathize with Mr. Paul Markowitz (June 5) and others who have become jobless during the present "recession." But I wonder if they realize how lucky they are in comparison with those of us who were in the same situation during the great Depression of the '30s. Then there was no unemployment compensation, no medical assistance, no food stamps—nothing but our meager savings which we saw dwindle to nothingness. But somehow we managed to survive and even

usually make a comeback. Mr. Markowitz and his fellows will do so, too.

WILLIAM W. EATON

Los Angeles, Calif.

Sirs: I am not inclined to weep for Mr. Paul Markowitz. His contribution to the pollution problem by producing eight children to add to the world's overpopulation and relief rolls is not to be commended, but may serve as a warning to others that in spite of a college degree, the father of an oversized family may end up as a handymen.

GEORGE M. MAXWELL

Punta Gorda, Fla.

Sirs: Your article about the man with three college degrees, who is unable to support his family, demonstrates all too well the technocracy has gained control of personnel departments throughout industry!

KATHLEEN L. BUGGS

Milwaukee, Wis.

Sirs: The high mortgage rates resulting from the current recession have actually worked a blessing for Southern California by temporarily halting some of the endless subdivisions and disgusting developments there. It's hard to believe that those poor souls living in the Los Angeles area could be so thoughtless as to accept such rampant devastation of valuable agricultural land as "progress."

There has been much talk during the last few years of separating California into two states. Why don't we cut Southern California off from the mainland and float it out into the Pacific. With a little luck, it may sink.

LIS BARCLAY

Livermore, Calif.

## COLUMN

Sirs: Roy Rowland's very interesting article "Surprises from the Yalu and Beyond" (June 5) brought to mind some thoughts that I recently read of Euripides: "In vain man's expectation; God brings the unthought to be, As here we see."

MRS. L. E. REID-SILTH

Long Beach, Calif.

## TROMPE D'OIL

Sirs: Congrats on June 5 issue ("Eye-foolery"). But why didn't you include Harnett, Peale and Strimby? Especially Strimby.

STRIMBY

Palos Park, Ill.

## KENT STATE LETTERS

Sirs: Bertrand Russell was right: "Parental affection is a fraud." In two full columns on the Kent State massacre (June 5) only two letters expressed compassion for the most hideously exploited generation in America's history, those who are being drafted for war on the other side of the world while "Too young to vote—old enough to die for a

cause we can't believe in." We are more vile than the Nazis because they did have freedom of the press to keep them informed on what their government was doing.

NORAH O'LEARY SOREMI

St. Paul, Minn.

Sirs: Where are our human values? Construction workers take "righteous" indignation and "bust" faces open because the flag is abused. I find the act of desecrating our flag most repugnant and I am moved to tears when I sing *The Star-Spangled Banner*, but I hope to God that I may never have to prove my loyalty by an act of brutalizing a dissident.

TOM AZOBE

Hawthorne, Calif.

Sirs: Almost as horrendous as the Kent State killings themselves is the consensus expressed in the "Letters to the Editors" in your June 5 edition.

MRS. R. DOUGHERTY

Lemoine, Pa.

Sirs: What "a shot in the arm" to see the letters concerning the Kent State article you printed. How refreshing to see that there are others who believe that lawlessness is to be punished—not condoned for the sake of a "good little man."

MRS. JAMES D. BUCKLEY

Norley, N.J.

Sirs: I suggest that those who deny the lawless actions of our college youth should think about the violation of international law by their flouting of our Constitution which restricted the war-making power of the President. If the Administration would set a pattern of lawlessness, it would encourage the kind of the dissent that leads to lawless campus behavior.

JOHN BURTON

Cranford, N.J.

## REVIEWS

Sirs: I have this strange feeling about your review of my book (*Savage, U.S.A., Life, June 5*). Almost everybody tells me it was a great review and I should be very appreciative and not bite the hand that wrote it, and I am and I won't. But there was also a misstatement of other-worldliness that hung over it, that conveyed an image of the author as a bumbling innocent with a halo, probably on backward discovering all kinds of important things more by accident and guesslessness than as a result of systematic hard work, and this is at least slightly inaccurate.

The "Third Force" that my book is about is now emerging into the news with daily massive demonstrations all over South Vietnam, and I wouldn't like people to think it was the apocalyptic fantasizing of a "good little man" happily confronting "big bad history."

ALFRED HASSLER

Nyack, N.Y.

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# View of America from Lake Como

by THOMAS GRIFFITH  
Editor

In a villa on Lake Como, in a Renaissance landscape of terraced green hills descending steeply to the shore, we talked together recently, 10 French journalists and 10 from the U.S. Meeting at this princely estate, which reminded me how much more seductive privilege is than equality, we—the Americans—had guiltily anticipated a conference of luxurious irrelevance, for who at this moment could place Franco-American relations high on the list of our concerns? It turned out otherwise.

We Americans got quite involved in trying to explain our present predicament as a country—not to falsify it, not to gloss over it. We probably expected a little Gallic superiority, but didn't get it; didn't hear any of the Toynbee nonsense that "most Europeans" think the U.S. is now "the most dangerous country in the world." The French, who left Indochina in a mess, were glad to be out and thought us wrong to be in—but seemed well aware, without condescension, of how difficult it was for us to withdraw from Vietnam. And the rest of our troubles—the blacks, the students, the economy—seemed pertinent either as a forerunner of what might happen to them, or as a variant of what they were themselves going through. The American experience, even when excessive, is still instructive. Others continue to watch us with shuddering fascination and surprising sympathy.

The youngest among the American journalists painted the dreariest picture of our situation. He said that after Lyndon Johnson taught people not to trust *him*, Richard Nixon taught them not to trust Presidents, and people "are beginning not to trust government." The war proved "the power of government to do the disturbing and its impotence to do the beneficial." All our urban problems were compounded by the "ambiguous attitude of the white society toward the citizenship of the blacks." The uprising of the young, he thought, would outlast any given cause because it was a rejection of "very peculiar social values in our society, of its vulgarity, its fascination with progress and numbers, its impersonality." This revolution of the young defied rational analysis because it was also "unreasoning, sentimental, visionary and despondent." Something else was going on in our society, the young American journalist went

on, "a great variety of movements to force democracy upon the rule of corporations, the agencies of government and private bodies of influence or wealth," a kind of moral guerrilla warfare to expose and overturn the power of private decision-making in our society. And finally there was all the violence—perhaps not more violence than ever before in our history, but surely less tolerable.

It was a dark and elegiac appraisal. The rest of our contingent thought it much too apocalyptic. But have you tried lately to make the case for optimism? My generation has trouble rebutting the young: they, having known nothing but affluence, were the first to discover its political message: *things don't have to be put up with*. We lived under a different pact: necessity guided our stratagems. We knew that lumber mills polluted streams and paper mills made stinks, but smokestacks meant jobs. We lived the succession of crises of the Depression, the Second World War and a cold war, and under their stress believed that all demands had to be negotiable. We belatedly have come to agree that more is possible, that *things don't have to be put up with*. But affluence seems to extend the margins of behavior. Civility is less prized; society is subjected to what one Frenchman called symbolic violence, which doesn't always stay symbolic. And as more and more people conclude that *things don't have to be put up with* and behave accordingly, there's more to put up with.

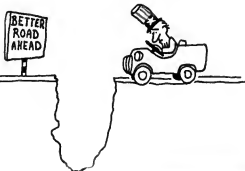
One of the Frenchmen had a theory about America. Two nations, the United States and Israel, had originally attracted people drawn by shared ideals, he remarked. Were we suffering because that kind of enriching migration had now dried up? It would have been optimistic of me to say, though I believe it, that we have such a latent resource in our own midst; that once blacks are regarded on their own merits, if we can bring ourselves to that; once they lose their self-hate and their distrust of us, they will add a vitality to our life that is so far visible to whites only in entertainment and athletics. But each time you start to make such a rosy forecast, you are reminded of the random, witless push-pull of events—of increasing white fears, of increasing black impatience—and wonder about our capacity any longer to make

orderly gains. The thought went unspoken.

As we struggled through the language barrier to articulate our predicament as a nation, I was reminded of French journalists I had seen in the '40s and '50s, a melancholy period when Frenchmen overturned their premiers with ridiculous frequency, when France played dog-in-the-manger to all attempts to build a Europe, when the anguish of Dienbienphu and of Algeria made Frenchmen fearful of *coups d'état* and civil war. I remember French journalists too honest to justify what they deplored, yet wanting us to understand that France, so rich a land and intelligent a people, had great strengths that were going undervalued.

We Americans must have sounded the same way at Lake Como. From the prominent Washington journalists in our group came a close examination of Richard Nixon's flaws, though since we were not just Americans deploring together, they also tried to explain what they could not defend in Nixon's actions. We all agreed that what is amiss in America goes deeper than Nixon. Agnew might have been surprised by the amount of journalistic self-criticism voiced around the table—sharp criticism of a press that makes too much of what is transitory, and is too weighted, particularly in television, toward the bizarre, the dramatic, the contrived. Agnew might have enjoyed these concessions, but no one put him forward as a model of behavior either. Actually, at Lake Como, I felt renewed respect for the tough skepticism of my craft, for what is assumed to be its cynicism is usually an irritating insistence that things be honestly faced, free of cant and political advantage.

In such company unsupported optimism didn't come easily to the tongue. I suppose each of us, so eager to define the situation exactly, never quite got around to articulating why we felt, as I think most of us did, that the American present was awful but the American future not inexorably so. Afterwards, I realized, to my surprise, that my own feeling must represent as simple and muzzy and heart-felt a conviction as that which makes people put out more flags and decal their car windows with the aggressive message that they are patriots and others presumably not. My own proposition, I discovered, is this: the United States is not now being true to its own idea of itself; therefore things will change. A very sentimental notion, perhaps.



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The Moroccan peasant at left prepares hashish by chopping dried cannabis stalks which are molded into bricks. Below, a traveler buys the finished product in a bazaar.

The five Americans at right, caught with hashish, await trial in Spain's Algeciras prison, nicknamed "International Hotel" because so many foreigners are held there.



**Fair warning  
to American  
amateurs abroad**

# Open Season On Drug Smugglers

by **RUDOLPH CHELMINSKI**

**T**his is for you, if you are one of the thousands of young Americans going abroad this summer who think of Europe and the Middle East as an overseas drug annex of the Woodstock Nation. Take some friendly advice: don't be so dumb.

I have just come back from a tour of the Hashish Trail—from Turkey and Lebanon to Morocco, Spain and France—and there are so many Americans locked up for hash and pot and LSD over here that it isn't even shocking anymore, just pathetic. At last count 556 Americans were serving sentences of up to eight years in foreign jails on drug charges or awaiting trial—three times as many as a year ago and the numbers swell every week. Most of them find that hash is easy to buy. Then they are arrested trying to cross frontiers.

The big crackdown is on us and its target is you. With few exceptions the European and Middle Eastern countries most of you visit have become traps. Tradition-bound and sternly conservative, European authorities in particular have been startled by the sight of more and more of their own youngsters using drugs. Reacting by instinct, they tend to lump you all together as dangerous fiends.

"All fool beatnik—very bad." That's the way Naci Tulun, head of the Istanbul police narcotics squad, puts it. By that he means any foreigner using, carrying or selling drugs, hard, soft or otherwise. If his comment sounds comical, go have a laugh with Ronald Emmons, a basketball player whom Tulun's men caught in one of those quaint little hotels with two kilos of Afghan hashish. Emmons is in for five years and a Turkish prison is not the place to spend five years. Last No-





CONTINUED

member a 21-year-old Canadian, Max Belsen, fainted in the dock when a London court gave him 10 years for illegal possession of cannabis. A senior Scotland Yard official recently issued the public promise that "We are going to make this summer the hottest ever for the drug smuggler and peddler."

One poor dope in Spain had only 125 grams of hashish on him, but was talked into selling a little bit, just enough for a few joints. That made him a trafficker. He got the minimum sentence of six years and a day. In Athens, they have locked up a former Playmate of the Month. The list goes on and in the face of this massive roundup the U.S. State Department can do precious little to help. Consular officers are allowed to visit prisoners, advise them, send wires to relatives and help in the choice of lawyers, but that's about it.

The U.S. passport, far from being a guarantee of special favor, often seems to work against its holders. What better way for a little country to display its pride and independence than by coming down extra hard on Americans who transgress their laws? And, though it will be denied, one can't help suspect that the Administration in Washington might be quietly going along with the big lockup: teach the kids a lesson. Over and over I heard the same kind of response from U.S. embassy and consular staff members:

"These people aren't young innocents. I'm tired of that bleeding heart stuff. They are out to make a buck. Serves them right."

**T**here have even been cases of parents simply forgetting the offspring who have disgraced them. Not writing or sending them money in jail, telling friends that they are away on long vacations.

One couple I met in Cádiz, Spain was on a long vacation of six years and one day apiece. They asked that their names not be used and that they be referred to as "a young American couple." Both 21, they were Midwestern college students on their honeymoon. Coming back from Tangier last August, they decided to bring home a little supply of that good Ketama hash. Three pounds is all they had, and they probably bought it from the slick boys who operate around the steps on the way down into the Tangier marketplace. You can't pass the steps without two or three of them striding up to hiss "hash, hash." They are all police informers. The young American couple got their car as far as the Spanish port of Algeciras, where customs welcomed them with open arms. At first they couldn't believe it was happening, but they began to believe when they were separated and slapped into the local jail. The judge who tried their case found them sympathetic and deserving, but the best he could do was impose the minimum of six years and a day.

Transferred to Cádiz prison, they are now locked in two different wings, both of which share the full, rich sour smell of the garbage dump next door. By special clemency they are allowed to see each other once a week, in the warden's office, in his presence. They stare at each other and talk. They do not even touch hands. "How do I pass my time?" she says. "Oh, I read some, and crochet. And then I sit. Yes, sit a lot." Her voice is strangely loud, almost a shout. "Tell them not to smuggle dope across borders. It's not worth it."

Justino Gracia Palacio, the warden, nods with





## 'Tell them it's not worth the price'



Dilettante dope smugglers planning to go through Greece or Turkey will find these highly professional narcotics agents ready and waiting for them. The Greek team is shown above, and the Istanbul team below.



The U.S. Consul General in Seville, Charles Carson, tells an American honeymoon couple, both 21, that he can't help them. They received the minimum sentence of six years and a day for carrying hash into Spain.

**Photographed by  
PIERRE BOULAT**



CONTINUED

satisfaction at her words. It is always good when a criminal learns.

One "hardened" criminal who cheerfully admits he intended to sell hash is bestselling author W. S. Kuniczak (*The Thousand Hour Day*) who is doing four and a half years in the Greek island prison of Corfu. Kuniczak had the staggering optimism to try to pass 93 kilos of Afghan hash through the customs post at Evros Bridge on the Turkish-Greek border.

"We were caught," he says, "because Kandahar, where we bought it, had been staked out by the American feds. They sell you twice in Afghanistan: first they sell you the hash and then they sell you. We were under police observation from the moment we got the stuff. This is going to be a bumper year, you know. The harvest in Afghanistan is going to be great, but so are the busts. Too many good people are going to go to jail."

For years U.S. narcotics agents have been working with their foreign counterparts, providing everything from skill and experience to equipment and money. Naturally enough, field agents work in the places where drugs come from, so they are likely to be in Kandahar, Eastern Turkey, Morocco and Nepal. Three out of four drug arrests are made because of tip-offs.

**C**onstantin Ciciacopoulos, a lanky Greek of relaxed manner and piercing eye, one of the chief inspectors at Evros Bridge, tells of the time he waited two years for one pigeon—a Frenchman—to try to bring his stuff across. When he finally did, Ciciacopoulos grabbed him. If you think you've got a bright idea for a hiding spot in your car, reconsider; Ciciacopoulos and his men know every make of car in the world. They

study structural drawings of them, like engineers.

"Kuniczak had 20 kilos in the heater tunnel of his car," Ciciacopoulos recalls with a note of admiration. "Very neat. But generally I can tell just by looking at a person if he has hash. We get to be quite good at basic psychology. I remember once a fellow came in with his papers in one hand and the other hand in his pocket. I looked at him and something clicked. I told him to take the hash out of his pocket. He turned white, but he did it."

Nearly a million and a half passengers go through the Spanish port of Algeciras each year, all of them off the boat from Tangier or Ceuta, where hash is as available as tobacco and not much more expensive. The customs inspectors are able to rush the flow through while not leaving a bag unopened or a car unchecked.

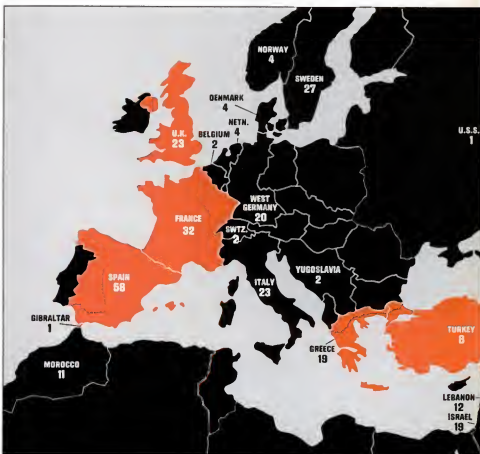
"Sometimes it can be very disagreeable work,"





The traveler at left waits apprehensively while a customs man at Algieras, Spain meticulously ransacks his belongings in search of illegal drugs. He found none.

## The crunch is waiting at the frontier



says Emilio Lleda Lopez, one of four supervising inspectors at the immense Algieras customs hall. "We have the power to break a person's life. If we catch one and turn him in, he will spend at least six years in jail. It is a terrible thing."

**T**errible indeed, but not enough to stop him from putting the arm on such naive types as the young American couple, or the two GIs who got caught a few weeks ago. They had four and a half kilos between them, and they thought up a really good spot that the thick cops would never guess—inside the door of the car. Now *that* is what I mean about being dumb.

► Some other tips that might help you: Expect to be searched time and again, apparently without reason, even on streets of cities hundreds of miles from any frontier. Unjust though it may be, cops

will go after people who look suspicious to them. And to the police, suspicious means foreign, young, unshaven, tieless—and free. A small car plus robes and long hair equals an automatic and thorough search at every frontier. So does an Afghanistan or Morocco or India stamp in your passport, even if you're using the dodge of wearing a suit (they know about that one, too).

► If you buy drugs, be prepared for the man who sells them to you to be a police informer or even a cop.

► Don't sell any drugs.

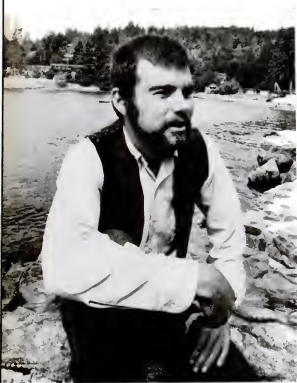
► Don't give them away, either—that's distribution or trafficking.

► Don't cross frontiers with drugs.

► Foreign jails are especially unpleasant, but that isn't the worst that can happen to you. In Iran they execute people for trafficking. Just shot four of them the other day. That'll teach 'em! ■

As of June 1, the State Department listed 556 U.S. citizens being held on drug charges in 37 foreign countries. Those countries that currently treat drug smugglers most severely (Spain, Turkey, United Kingdom, Greece and France) are shaded red on the map. The numerals on each country show number of Americans detained there. Of the countries not shown, Mexico leads the world with 184 U.S. citizens in jail for drugs (a figure explained in part by the recent close cooperation between U.S. narcotics agents and their Mexican counterparts). The other countries holding Americans are Australia, 2; Bahamas, 6; Bolivia, 1; Brazil, 1; Canada, 25; Colombia, 3; Costa Rica, 3; India, 2; Iran, 1; Jamaica, 17; Japan, 28; Netherlands Antilles, 1; Pakistan, 3; Panama, 4; and the Philippines, Thailand and Vietnam, 1 each.

# Taking drugs through Russia meant two years at hard labor



*William Ballantyne Leithead, 22, the son of a prominent Canadian architect, recently returned to Vancouver after serving two years in a Russian jail and labor camp for attempting to smuggle hashish through the Soviet Union. In an interview with LIFE Correspondent Jack Fincher, Leithead (above), whose most serious previous brush with the law had been a speeding ticket, tells about his experience.*

**W**hen I first got to Afghanistan the idea of smuggling out dope frightened me stiff. In the end it became an obsession. This French-Canadian friend had shown me a bag with a false bottom he had made for hiding hashish while crossing the border. I said, "No, man. That's the most obvious thing I've ever seen." Six weeks later I boarded a plane in Kabul, bound for Montreal via Moscow. With me I had three-and-a-half kilos of hash—about seven-and-a-half pounds worth \$7,000 on the North American market—in that very same bag.

I had arrived in Europe in 1967 after two years of college. After working as a busboy for a while I joined up with some French kids in Nice who were driving east to Afghanistan. Once there my

health went bad—too many wet spring nights sleeping in cold cars. I spent a lot of time lying in my hotel room just groaning and thinking about going home. I thought how great it would be to make a really big killing, several thousand dollars, so I could buy a good guitar, a tape recorder, some good camera equipment, a rifle and a truck—really make a good trip out of it. I decided to fly home by way of Tashkent, the capital of Soviet Uzbekistan, and Moscow. I remember thinking: if I make it, that will be a kick in the pants; if I get busted, that will be a kick in the pants too. I hadn't been smoking that much hash but I wasn't quite sane.

The day of my flight I had no trouble with customs at Kabul, and once on the plane with the leather bag beside me, I was sure I'd make it.

**I** thought we'd just refuel at Tashkent and go on to Moscow, but they gathered our passports, directed us into a large room and gave us customs forms to fill out. Then, a few at a time, we were admitted through a closed door into another room. Inside I saw all our baggage. They were just tearing those bags apart. I thought: this is it, what do I do? I suppose I could have gone and flushed it down the toilet, but I didn't have the presence of mind to. The customs officer who found it was a young woman, very pretty and very severe. Her eyes lit up like, wow, I'm going to get the Order of Lenin for this.

She led me into another room where they took my picture, and the head of customs, a very kind old man who spoke quite good English, advised me to sign a full confession. I remember thinking it might cost me four or five days; he told me the penalty for smuggling drugs into the Soviet Union: two to 10 years. I wrote out a confession anyway. I had been caught, there seemed no reason not to. Besides, something controlling my emotions had just clicked off. I decided whatever they did to me I could take.

From the airport I was escorted to the Tashkent prison and put in a small basement cell with a grilled window that allowed me to see nothing but sky. A bare bulb burned 24 hours a day. For two or three hours every morning and afternoon I was taken upstairs and questioned, then the interrogation was translated and I was given a daily transcript to sign.

After a couple of weeks I still hadn't seen anyone from the Canadian embassy, so I balked and said I wouldn't sign any more transcripts until I had. An embassy clerk came with his wife but his visit wasn't very comforting. There seemed nothing he could do but bring me packages from home. His wife started crying. I thought: my God, if she's crying how am I supposed to feel?

All told, I was held in Tashkent nine months

and had four trials or hearings. My father came from Canada to visit me before the first trial. It was the one time I'd ever seen him cry.

At my first trial I was put on the stand to tell how sick I had been and how sorry I was. Then the prosecutor presented his written investigation (including my transcript), and my court-appointed attorney read into the record my father's background and character references sent from Canada. You could tell the three judges were not impressed by recommendations from "capitalists." But two were from foremen of construction gangs I had worked on summers, and they really dug those. In the end I was sentenced to three years at a work camp 400 kilometers from Moscow called Mordovia. Sounds like a concentration camp, doesn't it?

Tashkent had been flat, hot desert but Mordovia was grassy prairie like Saskatchewan, only wetter and with more trees. There were 250 of us in the compound. Wow, what a set of fences! They had two five-foot ones of barbed wire, one with spikes on it and electricity, rolls of concertina wire, trip wires with rockets—it was really impossible to get out of there. I slept in a wooden barracks with 35 other foreigners, all smugglers. After a three-week technical course—in Russian—I was assigned to man a big heavy-duty sewing machine, stitching four pieces of rubber and canvas into crude work mittens. My quota was 60 pairs a day. Work well, work hard, they told me, and your sentence can be reduced by half.

They sure knew how to make you work. If you didn't fill your quota they put you on potatoes and water, took away your monthly ruble allotment for canteen purchases, or stopped your packages. If you broke a rule they'd give you demerits, and there was no way not to break a rule, they changed all the time. One week mustaches were in, the next out. It was all calculated to make you anxious. Too many demerits and you went to isolation. I never did but I was put on potatoes and water once for two weeks.

Every few months all the foreigners went to Moscow by train to see somebody from the embassy who would ask about your health and give you a parcel. One of those trips cost me my appearance before the commission that could have let me out after half my sentence. It met while I was away. I think the camp sent me on purpose. I was mad as hell but there was nothing I could do about it. Then, on Lenin's birthday, I was granted a special pardon. The day I left, April 28—seven days short of two years in the U.S.S.R.—the camp commander held out his hand. I really hate myself, because I shook it.

I walked to the gate. In Russia there's a custom: a man leaving prison breaks his tin spoon to show he's never coming back. I took my spoon, broke it, threw it in the mud and spat on it. ■

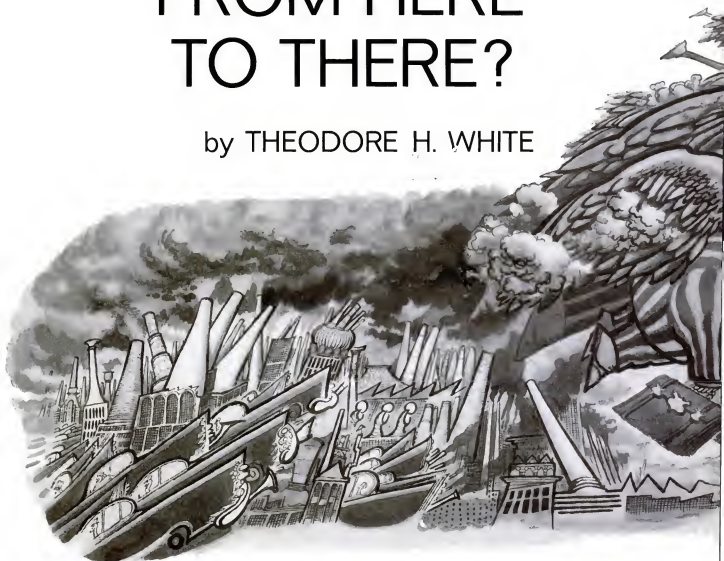
BEIRUT



The Nixon administration has drawn up its plan to untangle the environment jungle—but there are problems

# HOW DO WE GET FROM HERE TO THERE?

by THEODORE H. WHITE



*Out of today's mess, on the wings of new federal agencies, the government hopes to bring us a future where environmental problems can be not only anticipated but controlled.*





In the dream, it works something like this: The huge hall of Environment Control is lit from above. Operators below press controls and the translucent dome glows with jet streams slashing the Upper Atmosphere, shaping the world's weather. Other controls are pressed and the glow changes color. Now it illuminates the Middle Atmosphere over America, showing regional smog-bearing inversions that may lock over cities within hours. In and out of walls glide panels on which river basins shine with flood-crest warnings or change hue to show rise-and-fall of pollution. Central Energy Con-

trol occupies an adjoining hall where lights wink on a giant map as gas, coal, water power and nuclear fission pour their energy into the national electricity grid, swinging from midnight lull to morning peak. At planning sessions Energy Control's panels slide back to show the same grid five, 10 or 20 years hence, marking future power plants designed for maximum efficiency and safety. Nearby, in the Surveillance Center of Environmental Health Services, pesticides, oxides, nitrates, adulterants, all 30,000 chemicals used by industry or everyday life are indexed, cross-referenced, computerized for interactions



## ENVIRONMENT

CONTINUED



and contaminations. Over in the Office of Land Use maps show America today and America in 1980, 1990, 2000—open spaces preserved in a system of planned new cities, new industries, new transport nets and free shorelines that must hold the 100,000,000 Americans to be added in the next generation. . . .

In Washington today men who nurse such dreams believe that some day this ultimate National Center for Environment Control will be larger than the Pentagon. The Pentagon protects America from foreign enemies; Environment Control must protect America from Americans, which is more difficult.

But between Dream and Reality falls Politics. No one in Washington opposes the Dream—it is only that no one agrees on how to get there from here. For over a year congressmen and senators, clubwomen and fishermen, flower-children and commuters, students and professors, editorialists and TV commentators have joined to make environment the No. 1 issue on the political fashion parade. The last defenders of smog, sewage, smoke, pollution and noise have hushed. All that remains is for someone to give government to the movement—which is most difficult of all.

"Gouverner," say the French, "*c'est choisir*" —to govern is to choose. And what Richard Nixon has chosen in the past two months out of the cascade of papers, reports and options before him are the emergency first steps in a master plan for the American environment. What he is about to offer the nation for debate is a program which will raise hard questions: Which committees of Congress must be outraged, which departments of government ripped apart, how much of the political debris of the past is to be discarded immediately? What traditional liberties of initia-

tive and enterprise must be given up to preserve the larger liberty of life for the Americans of tomorrow?

There come rare moments in a President's term when politics and history coincide. For Nixon, in mid-passage of his troubled presidency, such a moment is now. Politically, the last issue of fashion on which he still holds people, Congress and media with him lies in the Great Environment Crusade. Historically, he must seize this moment before it goes the way of the Cause of the Cities, the Crusade for Civil Rights, the War on Poverty. For if he does not make the most of this crest of concern for America's ravaged environment, then time and space may have closed over the nation for good before the next wave comes.

Time and space had been shrinking for almost three centuries before the first ripple of concern began to make a wave in American politics. "Conservation" was the phrase that Theodore Roosevelt used to call American attention to the new condition. In 1890, the census had declared America was entirely settled, it no longer had a frontier. Thus, on coming to the Presidency in 1901, Roosevelt brought politics to bear to preserve for tomorrow the wilderness wonders he had known in his youth. He would preserve, "conserve" it all—unspoiled skies, clear streams, the wildlife resources that were vanishing, from pigeon to buffalo. To this day the Department of the Interior, Roosevelt's chosen agency for the job, bears as its emblem the buffalo.

It was more than saving buffaloes that stirred the next wave of concern a generation later—it was man's own plight. When Franklin Roosevelt became President, the winds of the mid-'30s were scouring the dust bowl, while the Mississippi valley, stripped of trees and sod, was flooding uncontrollably. Tree-belt windbreaks, Soil Conservation Service, TVA and CCC all followed in response—to be interrupted by war.

Then, with the war over, the cause of environment was stilled for another generation, and, in a spasm of unplanned growth, Americans added half as much again to their population, and as much new production to what they already had as total Russian and German production combined. As automobiles tripled in number, a cocoon of poison fumes began to shimmer over new highways. Cities draped their towers in acrid shawls of smog, lakes bobbed with organic sewage and plastic refuse, blue-claw crabs were vanishing from the cooves of the Chesapeake to the Great South Bay, scientists packaged chemicals in foods and poisons in spray cans. And the two natural containers of the environment, the air and the water, finally vomited back on Americans the filths they could no longer absorb. Man, said some concerned observers, was beginning to emulate the gorilla, an animal which defecates in its own sleeping place; but such people were dismissed as kooks.

"When we came in, in 1960," says Stewart Udall, former Secretary of the Interior and the

leading environmentalist of the Kennedy-Johnson Cabinet, "not a single new national park had been set aside since 1947, and all but five percent of the country's free coastline was shut off. The Eisenhower administration," continues Udall, "had thought pollution was a local matter. So we'd all sat there like spectators and watched Los Angeles wrestling with smog—it was their problem. I came in as a classic conservationist—you know, preservation of nature and seashores, of birdlife and wildlife, of endangered species. Then gradually it came over me that man himself was an endangered species, that we were part of the same chain of life as the birds. Only in the last three years I was in office did I see it as a whole piece. We'd erred in thinking environment was simply a matter of managing natural resources. What had to be managed was man himself. We had to have a concept that considers man as the significant focus. We brought the country to an awareness of the problem: Nixon's job is to give it management."

## A JUMBLE OF LOBBIES AND FEUDS

In his first week in office Richard Nixon talked of a new environmental agency he planned to set up to "think about the lakes, the mountains, the seas." A small-town boy, he had seen Southern California overrun and fouled by people, industry, cities. Now, he insisted, he would come to grips with the problem.

But whenever any President tries to grip a problem, he must come to grips first with the stubborn instruments of the government he inherits. Trying to find an overview of this problem, Nixon first deputized White House Aide John Whitaker, a geologist, to come up with an environmental program by early fall. But Whitaker could find general answers nowhere. "I finally had to call up every Cabinet officer," says Whitaker, "and ask them to detach one young man from their office to work with me as a task force to get any kind of picture of what was going on." By fall Nixon had instructed the Ash Council on Government Reorganization to unravel the tangle of overlapping, contradictory agencies and bureaus dealing with environmental action—and the Ash Council came up with a list of 44 major agencies in five major departments inextricably deadlocked in something called the Environment Game. In a few more months the Library of Congress, consulting its indexes, expanded that list to 84 bureaus. And by fall, as politicians rushed to join the environment crusade of 1969, as students clamored for answers, it was quite obvious

that there were no simple answers for their two great questions: Why don't they do something about the environment? How did we get in such a mess?

To answer such questions, investigators would have required a three-dimensional chart, with at least seven different kinds of colored ribbons and a stereoscopic viewer to make clear even the simplest relationships of the players in the Environment Game. Beyond this, there was the tangle of lobbies, committees, pressure groups, ambitions and bureaucratic feuds which had to be sorted before one could begin to see the mess clearly.

Almost each of the 80-odd agencies which shared management of the American environment had a history of its own, crusted over with an entrenched lobby, an entrenched congressional committee, an entrenched bureaucracy, each ferociously defending its own prerogatives. Such bureaus had been born variously of a national crisis, a public outrage, a scientist's insight or a President's dream—but all reflected that hoary first principle of American government: when something itches, scratch it.

Some of the scratch marks were over a century old: the Coast and Geodetic Survey dated back to Thomas Jefferson, the Coast Guard to Alexander Hamilton. Each successive wave of concern had left behind, like flotsam on a beach, a tidemark of new bureaus or expanded older bureaus. The Department of Interior, Theodore Roosevelt's favorite tool, clustered the Geological Survey, the Bureau of Land Management, the Bureau of Mines, Fisheries, Reclamation and still others. To the Department of Agriculture, with all its traditional bureaus, Franklin D. Roosevelt had added Soil Conservation, Rural Electrification Administration and others. Eisenhower had set up the Department of Health, Education and Welfare. It now held the Public Health Service, the National Institutes of Health, Bureau of Radiological Health, Occupational Safety, others. The Department of Army controlled the Corps of Engineers. Beyond, freewheeling on their own, were, among others, TVA, the Atomic Energy Commission, the Interstate Commerce Commission, the Federal Power Commission, the Federal Communications Commission.

On top of all these were even newer bureaus. It had been Congress, rather than the press or the Executive, that had first rung the alarm in the 1960s. A trio of outstanding senators—Muskie, Jackson, Nelson—had lobbied the environment ball at the White House and the White House had reacted. Chief among the newer agencies were the Air Pollution Control Administration (located in HEW), and the Water Quality Administration (located in Interior). A perhaps apocryphal story illustrates how the pattern was shaped. Lyndon Johnson, so the story runs, had tried to reach Stewart Udall on the telephone to talk about a water-pollution problem. Udall doesn't control water, he was told. "Well, he should," said Johnson after a moment's reflection. "Get water transferred to Stu."

Even while Richard Nixon, all through 1969 and early 1970, tried to make sense of the apparatus he was trying to grip, it grew more complicated. As the Environmental Crusade accelerated, politicians wildly tried to stay abreast. Congress, for example, told the Department of Health, Education and Welfare to protect every day-life from the radiation of TV sets, microwave ovens, or X-rays—but then it neglected to appropriate money for the task. Environment was a Klondike of gilt-edged, risk-free political issues, and any legislator could score by tacking his name on a bill. At one point, at the end of 1969, an official of the Office of Economic Opportunity telephoned a White House staffer to ask, "Can we get more money for our budget if we prove poverty causes pollution?"

Without clear direction from the top the bureaucracies clashed as they had for years, only more so. The National Park Service (Interior) feuded with the Forest Service (Agriculture). The latter's job was to serve timber and grazing interests while the former sought to keep forests inviolate as nature created them. Health experts at HEW were convinced that hard pesticides like DDT were dangerous not only to birds and fish but also to man. Experts of the Department of Agriculture, however, spoke for the interests of farmers to whom pesticides promised high crop yields. A dam the Federal Power Commission might approve was, in the eyes of the Fish and Wildlife Service, an atrocity. Federal agencies clashed not only in Washington with each other, but with mayors, governors, city planners.

## "THERE'S PLAIN GOLD IN GARBAGE"

Where agencies did not clash they overlapped or worse, unduplicated. "You can't say all problems fell between two stools," said an investigator of the Ash Council. "Some fell between six stools." Rats, for example, are a menace to slum dwellers in congested cities. Everyone hates rats, including the United States government. But trying to locate command of the Federal Rodent Control program is as difficult as locating COSVN in Cambodia. The war on rats involves Interior (Fish and Wildlife Service), Agriculture (Agricultural Research), Health, Education and Welfare (NIMH and FDA), the White House (Office of Economic Opportunity) and, at last count, no less than six other agencies.

Other larger problems fell nowhere. As early as 1950, government scientists knew Lake Erie was dying. Yet no one was responsible—not the fringe of cities from Toledo through Cleveland

to Buffalo which dumped sewage in the water, not the steel industries which poured in acid pollution, not the farmers whose manures and high-nitrate fertilizers drained off into streams that, ultimately, eutrophied the lake. So Lake Erie died because, for 20 years, while all watched and mourned, no controlling branch of government was responsible for averting tragedy.

A traditional government bureau, charged with a specific problem, might attack it with good will and then find itself trapped in the revolving doors of administration. The Bureau of Mines is usually cartooned as the tool of the "interests." In actual fact it swings from decade to decade in response to pressure, with no philosophical guidance whatsoever. BuMines was born in 1910 in response to public horror: almost 3,000 miners a year were being killed by a brutal industry, and the bureau was created, initially, to protect them. In World War II, however, as mineral after mineral became critically short, BuMines became a prospecting agency to find uranium, molybdenum, copper, nickel. After the war, with a glut of minerals, the bureau became an outright marketing agent for the mining interests seeking new outlets and uses for surplus metal. In the past three years Congress has plunged it into the Environment Game to become involved in smoke control, pollution of mountain streams by strip mines in Appalachia, junk automobile disposal and garbage recycling. But each of these adventures tangles the bureau with many other players. In Madison, Wis., for example, the bureau jointly operates with the Forest Service and HEW an experimental garbage disposal plant. The three agencies are trying to separate refuse: paper (a forest product), from organic garbage (a health and rodent threat), from scrap metals (which the bureau sees as treasure trove). Bureau specialists feel cities can make an actual profit out of refuse disposal. "There's just plain gold in this garbage business," said one specialist. "Gold from lost jewelry, silver by the ton from photographic products, metallic iron and aluminum. Even tin cans are useful; we need them for copper processing." But, he continued, even three agencies cooperating are not enough. The real problem of garbage recycling begins with picking it up in city streets, and that is the responsibility of HUD and HEW—who do not want it. "We'd take it gladly, if someone told us to," he continued.

Until this summer, therefore, despite all public, philosophical and political outcry, there has been no one overall managerial plan in America's much-touted effort to pass on a livable environment to her children.

What is about to happen now is a first step in that direction.

"You have to take it step by step," says a White House aide. "And you have to balance the dangers. If we don't do something now, the country is going to hell. And if you try to do too much all at once, the whole apparatus could break down. We could make a super-super Department of En-

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# ENVIRONMENT

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vironment and Natural Resources, but that would have to absorb Agriculture and Interior, as well as HEW, HUD and DOT. It would wind up as the Department-of-Practically-Everything. Then there's politics—not only what Congress and the Committees will stand for, but the reaction of business and farming and scientific interest groups. Everyone thinks he can get hurt, or at least squeezed, in a reorganization. So we're doing the maximum we think we can manage, or get away with without throwing Congress into convulsion."

Thus, the first step on the White House drawing boards, after nine months of study, is a new master body tentatively called the Environmental Protection Authority, or EPA. Here will be gathered Water Control and Air Control, Solid Wastes, Pesticides, Radiation Hazards, all torn from present departments or congressional committees and united as a national environmental police force. "You can't separate these agencies," said Amory Bradford, former general manager of the *New York Times*, who formulated the first recommendations for the Ash Council. "They have to function together. We found that if Air Pollution Control tells a power plant to get fly-ash out of the air, the plant dumps fly-ash in the water; and if Water Quality Control tells it to get the fly-ash out of the water, the plant collects it and makes it a solid waste problem." How effective the new agency will be depends on its chief, for whom a quiet search has begun. The new chief, who will report to the President directly, would have almost dictatorial powers to set continental standards and regulations, vertically and horizontally, conduct common research, bring industries and cities to trial. A weaking could make the new agency another reshuffle of paper boxes; an

overbearing chief could aggravate to shock the normal trauma of political surgery.

Bolder in imagination is NOAA, National Oceanic and Atmospheric Agency, which will be set up simultaneously with EPA. Under NOAA's roof, in the Department of Commerce, will be gathered the master sciences to explore the entire fluid envelope of the globe, the throbbing, interacting drivewheels of energy in ocean and atmosphere, which charge and recharge the fundamental batteries of life for all organisms from plankton and pupae to man and mountain goat. Ripped away from the Navy would be its Oceanographic Data and Instrument Centers; from Interior its Marine Mining, Commercial Fisheries and Anadromous Fish; from the Army's Corps of Engineers its Great Lakes Survey; from the National Science Foundation its Sea Grant program of research. These would be joined to Commerce's ESSA (Environmental Science Services Administration) which already clusters the U.S. Weather Bureau, the Coast and Geodetic Survey, and Radio Propagation labs. The surveillance of NOAA's scientists would run from the interior Great Lakes, through the vast continental shelves with their minerals and oil, probably as far as Antarctica.

The first of the new master bodies, the Environmental Protection Authority, would monitor and regulate man's everyday life within the thin membrane of activity scratched by our smokestacks and smirched by our leavings. The second, NOAA, would monitor the global container, the entire hollow of sky and inelastic surface of earth which holds us all from outer space to ocean depths. It would try to learn how man's pollution has already harmed the oceans and affected its life down to bottom ooze, or affected its atmosphere up to the emptiness where NASA and the astronauts take over. EPA would tell men how they must live within the weather and climate; NOAA's function would be to explore, to predict long-range and short-range, what is happening to that environment—and then go on to actually try to change that climate and its weather.

Already in place on the Administration's master plan is, of course, a third body, the Council on Environmental Quality. Up to now the understaffed, 6-month-old council has been a fire brigade, rushed in to pass judgment on a project like the cross-Florida canal, or invited to give quick opinion on the noise effects of the supersonic plane. In the new thinking the council would be the President's eyes and ears for his entire government. Every department and bureau of government—Defense and Transportation, Agriculture, Interior, Housing and Urban Development, and all the others—would have to send their plans to the council to be cleared for environmental impact as they now send such plans to the Budget for clearance on costs.

Beyond these three organs are yet other fancies, not yet programmed on paper: a suggestion that America have a National Energy Council which would absorb the Atomic Energy Com-

mission, the Federal Power Commission and other agencies dealing with total energy needs; a suggestion that America have a National Land Use Board which would absorb the Army's Corps of Engineers, the Forest Service, the National Parks and all others who plan or regulate the use of land for parks, industries, towns or expansion. There is, finally, a suggestion from the Ash Council—rejected for the moment by the White House—that all such resource-oriented agencies be combined for long-range planning in a new Department of Natural Resources. Thus, on the far horizon, would be a system where four major voices replace the present cacophony of 84 bureaus.

For the moment, however, it appears that the Administration will be content if it can master the managerial and political questions its immediate proposals raise. How, for example, can one be sure that one is breaking off "the bureaucratic joints" along the proper cleavage line: Will the farm lobby let all pesticide control be transferred from the friendly Department of Agriculture to the austere new EPA? Can one satisfy the sports fishermen by leaving trout under Fish and Wildlife in Interior and giving all other fish to NOAA? Or another set of questions: How can one find or train the proper people to staff even present schemes? By 1974 we will need 28,000 air-quality analysts to man planned controls, and today we count only 2,700. Money can be found for training, but training cannot be speeded. "We can get money," says John Ehrlichman, Nixon's chief domestic counselor, "but making the money useful is like squeezing bread through a keyhole."

## "NIXON WANTS TO BITE THE NAIL NOW"

Beyond, rise questions of law and philosophy: Should the Department of Justice create a new division, like its present Anti-Trust Division, to prosecute environmental offenders brought to court by the EPA? Or do we need an entirely new system of courts, like the Tax Court of the Internal Revenue Service, specializing in the jurisprudence of environment? Or in the name of the safety of a larger mass of citizens, an entirely new philosophy of law, curtailing men's right to move, build, discard as they will.

No one, not even the architects of the present planning, are satisfied with what they must present and debate in the next few months. "In the business of government," says Murray Comarow of the Ash Council, "any movement from hideous to bad is progress, from hideous to fair is spectacular. Some of the ideas we've served up could move things from hideous to somewhere be-

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## ENVIRONMENT

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tween bad and fair." John Whitaker, the President's man on environment, puts it more bluntly: "We could sit here for three more years and still not come up with a perfect plan. But the job of government is to act. This is our chance to line up the silent majority and the underprivileged on the same side. Nixon wants to bite on the nail now. Politically, this is the time to go."

This Administration is faced with the most difficult problem of domestic government since the New Deal reorganized the economy 40 years ago. No one then could tell what might happen as the bureaucratic gamesmen of that time doodled boxes on paper, drew lines between them, talked "trade-offs," lopped off agencies and added bureaus in a contraption no one was ever quite sure would work. What was at stake was too important for simple administrative patterns to solve: it depended on the politics and spirit with which Franklin Roosevelt could infuse a revolution.

Since then, Americans have seen some great patterns of government thrive and others wither, their vitality dependent always on their connection with the politics and forward thinking of the times. Many once-powerful regulatory agencies of government have been strangled by the simple technical narrowness of their thinking. Divorced from the wellsprings of science or public philosophy, they have become anachronisms or become prisoners of interests they were supposed to control.

Emergency agencies, however, masterpieces of American administrative genius, have flourished. Over and over again, when faced with a national crisis, American government has been able to spawn single-purpose agencies which override all bureaucratic entrapments. The Marshall Plan,

which revived Europe, was one such agency; NASA, which reached the moon in its allotted decade, was another; the Atomic Energy Commission was a third spectacular of this genre. But such crisis agencies operate best over a limited time span, reaching a peak of brilliance when the best civilian talent of the nation is recruited by the urgency. Then they fade as the best men depart, and urgency degenerates into housekeeping.

Now, American politics must entertain Richard Nixon's first major original approach to government in an adventure that must combine both emergency action and long-range housekeeping. Promising to decentralize Washington and return power to local government, he will now propose a system that will enlarge the authority of the Federal Government even more than did Roosevelt's New Deal. Over the long run, if this new system is to be effective, it must control not only General Motors, but the local garagemen who spill crankcase oil in sewers. It must control not only ocean-going tankers and offshore drilling, but beach buggies that ravage sand dunes and pleasure boats that flush toilets in lakes.

The echoes in the White House give one the sense of a politically buffeted President, gingerly but stubbornly balancing inevitable political controversy against options that define real needs. One senses a firming of presidential thinking — his recognition of the inescapable need to impose absolute national standards of control so that no industry can escape its costs by shifting plants and jobs from stern states to lenient states. One senses a groping as he attempts to strike a balance between the zero-limit fanatics on the one hand, those who advocate zero radiation, zero smog, zero pollution, zero population increase in a static future America and, on the other hand, what remains valid in the robust older tradition of growth. There is also the increasing echo of his favorite, personal idea, the new cities program. "You have to see Nixon," said one of his closest aides, "as a man who knows that villages like Whittier, where he grew up, are dead. And as a man who lived in New York for five years, traveling between Wall Street and Fifth Avenue in his limousine, and not liking what he saw. Somewhere in between he has this dream of spreading America out and planting it with entirely new medium-sized cities, not suburbs but planned cities. But that gets you to a national land-use policy, which is a whole other can of worms."

No cool rearrangement of bureaucratic boxes on paper will solve the problem by itself; only a presidential presence and sense of direction can translate today's concern into tomorrow's reality. The game being played is being played on a world scene; in Europe, in Asia, in Russia, men wrestle with the same problem of man's growth in limited space. What must emerge in the next few weeks is not only the first large glimpse of this President's feeling for the nation's future, but also his resiliency in offering the world a style of American leadership it has forgotten. ■

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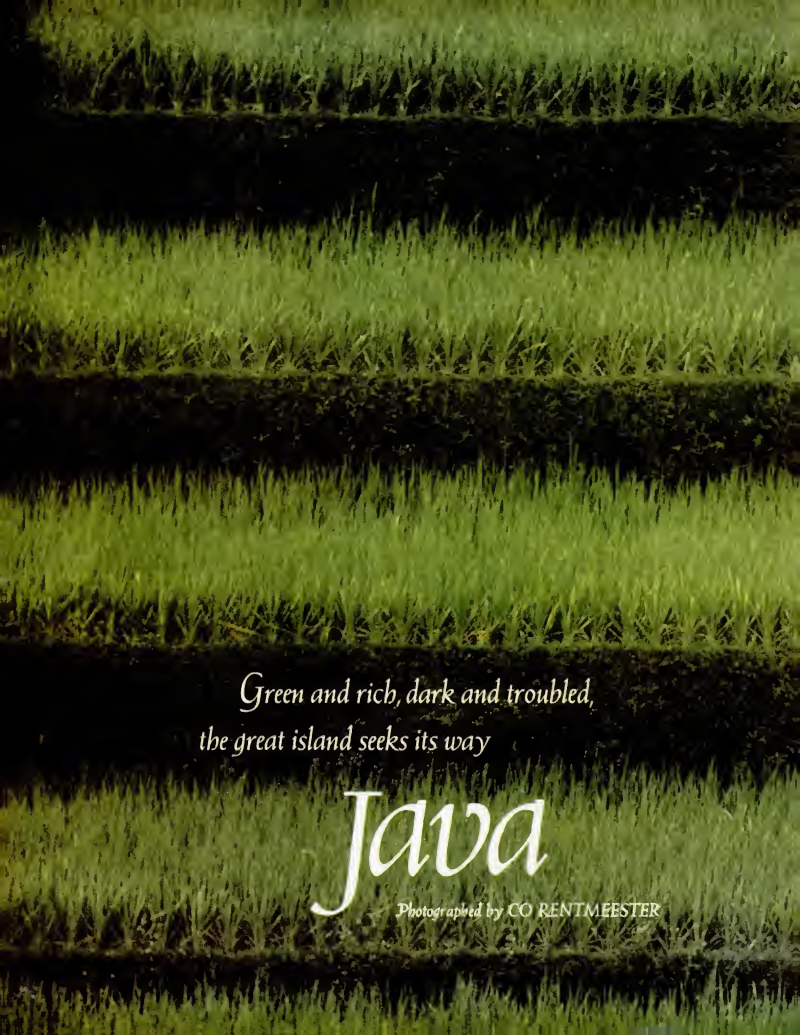
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**Plymouth**







*Green and rich, dark and troubled,  
the great island seeks its way*

# Java

Photographed by CO RENTMEESTER



East of Sunda Strait it lies green in the violence of the equatorial sun. Rich in resources, its moist air perfumed with the scent of flowers, Java carries a population of 76 million and is one of the most densely populated lands on earth. But there is something black and shadowed here. This is a country of intrigue and debts of blood, of sorcery and spirits and hobgoblins, where men of power pray to magic daggers. Sukarno united Java with some 3,000 neighboring islands to create Indonesia, and the nation was proud. Yet his bureaucracy grew monstrous, the economy collapsed, and the dark cavalry of apocalypse ranged the land. At Sukarno's fall five years ago, the people ran amok, slaughtering his cadres and the Communists as well. Today Indonesia struggles to be reborn under new leaders. Through all upheaval, in Java the ancient, implacable rhythm of existence beats on, unbroken, patiently, filled with grace.



*Life here is cheap? Not in sweat and hardship.  
Death may be cheap, life is expensive*







*Within the veils the glow of dark eyes, within the eyes the promise  
of mysteries too ancient and too familiar to be understood*







*The buffalo boy knows.  
Life is the whip of monsoon rain,  
hammer of sun.  
But in the mornings the air is cool,  
a blue translucence,  
and there are hibiscus enough  
to flower all the pastures of heaven*











*Born in one revolution, baptized in another,  
the young exult in their struggle.*

*The old look forward only to the end of theirs*

*Pestilence and famine  
come to kill,  
yet the instinct for life  
is inexorable.*

*Five minutes  
after the birth she  
was up and looking  
at her baby.*

*Tomorrow she will work  
again in the paddy*





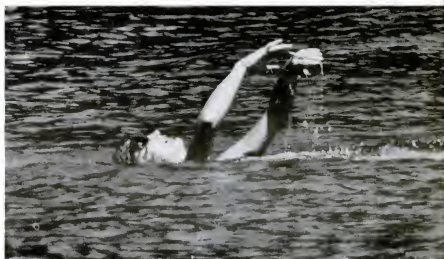


Having cut his foot on a piece of glass while heaving himself from the sea, Aristofle Onassis gives himself over to wifely treatment.





Aquatic headquarters in Skorpiós is the Taverna—not a real one—which Onassis built for his wife, and which they used for changing, drink-cooling and seeking shade, as at left. In the water, however, sunglasses are de rigueur.



# In the swim at Skorpiós with Jackie and Ari

Poseidon with beach towel, Venus with both arms. Whatever may now be between them, when they go into the water, they get wet, even as the rest of us. When he cuts his foot, it bleeds. The pictures of Jackie and Ari Onassis were taken with a telescopic lens on the beach at Skorpiós, the private Onassis island in the Ionian, the wine-dark Onassion sea. They seem to say the couple is as happy as any twosome on the sand at Atlantic City. And maybe they are—columnists, rumormongers and other voodooists who have been predicting their breakup to the contrary.





Jackie with  
three-ring bikini  
and flippers



At Skorpíos, Jackie Onassis kicks around in a three-ring bikini and flippers, seemingly by na couterier in particular, or in slacks and shirt by the same fellow. On the other hand, the diva Maria Callas, who preceded her to Skorpíos and who still sees Ari occasionally, could sing a lot better.

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Divas Joan Sutherland and Marilyn Horne reveal their art

# A Tour of Two Great Throats

by RICHARD MERYMAN

In Cleveland the two strapping divas join hands and beam as torrential applause floods over them. When Joan Sutherland (right) and Marilyn Horne first performed *Norma* at New York's Metropolitan Opera House last March, it was considered a historic event, both for the Met and for opera. By the end of this year they will have done *Norma* at least 42 times. Sutherland has been called the greatest living soprano and Horne the best mezzo-soprano. Not at all rivals, they are close friends. Both are married to conductors whose help and urging have made the two divas specialists in *bel canto*, an almost lost art which lasted from the early 18th Century through the 1840s when large orchestras and realistic operas came into vogue. *Bel canto* pairs extraordinary voice control, soaring from note to note as smoothly as heavy cream pouring from a jug, with the effortless virtuosity of cascading notes, trills, bravura high and low tones. Few singers have the talents and the skill to sing *bel canto*, and even rarer is a pair of major divas friendly enough and frank enough to talk as ebulliently as Joan Sutherland and Marilyn Horne in the very special conversation that follows:

**Sutherland** To survive as a diva, you have to be absolutely like a horse.

**Horne** I think we're absolutely like baseball pitchers. We can only pitch a couple of times a week. A pitcher wears a jacket to keep his arm warm. Once we start singing, we can't let the throat muscles get cold. In emergencies, when our vocal cords or anything are in-

CONTINUED





## When your taste is young.

For tastes that are young and clear, Fleischmann makes the cleanest vodka of all, Fleischmann's Royal. Not one, but 277 extra-care distill-

ing steps have washed away everything but the brightest of vodkas. To give you a dryness no lesser vodka can have.



# Fleischmann's: The Washed Vodka

### CONTINUED

flamed, we use the same drug as pitchers: cortisone. Sutherland And we're performing on a highly competitive circuit.

Horne We are very careful not to ruin our arms by pitching our fast ball every pitch. So we sing all-out no more than two or three times a night. You cannot give away your capital. You've got to sing on your interest. Supposedly you can injure your voice by singing just one song incorrectly.

Sutherland You know, if you get emotionally involved in a role—let the emotions take over—you'll not get to the end of the opera. And the public loves you to be completely emotional about it.

Horne You know, I don't think even Maria Callas ever let herself get all that involved. I think all her emotionalism was actually very calculated. That ripping the voice apart didn't happen until her voice was about to go and she had to rely on other things to make her effect onstage.

'The  
bigger  
the voice,  
the more  
behind  
it'

Sutherland It was really the slimming-down that hurt her. We can say this—the ones that slim down to look glamorous really tend to lose their voices and there's no two ways about it.

Horne It's like a rocket, dear. The bigger the satellite they want to get up, the bigger the rocket. The bigger the voice, the more behind it.

Sutherland There are slim soubrette-type sopranos—light lyric sopranos, but...

Horne Yes, but when Anna Moffo was in the early stages of her career, she was a solid figure of a woman. Take a glamorous person like Dorothy Kirsten. She hasn't got excess weight, but she's really built to go a few rounds.

Sutherland And I've seen the results when people have given in to the glamorous side of an operatic career—you can just forget about singing if you do that. One is drawn into all sorts of functions where people are smoking huddled in rooms and...

Horne Rooms where you have to talk loud.

Sutherland ... where you can pick up any sort of throat infection. But I'm against wrapping yourself up in scarves, always having antiseptics.

Horne I don't wear a scarf because I'd be afraid if I ever took it off I'd get pneumonia. But the thought of getting a cold is right back there in my head every second. I'm so superstitious about it, I don't even want to talk about it. I live on Vitamin C.

Sutherland I don't think there's ever a moment when you're not aware of the next performance. Everything affects the voice. Just being at all tired. And let's face it, at certain times of the month for a woman, a cloudiness, a fuzziness, gets on the voice.

Horne Joan and I depend a lot on good technique to protect our voices. You would be absolutely shocked at how many really good singers—when they're having problems and they come to me and say, "Could you just listen to me"—and immediately you can say, "You're not breathing right." "What do you mean breathing?" "You're not supporting." "Supporting?" Absolutely hair-raising.

Sutherland Yes, it all goes back to support. You make your chest cavity as large as possible—and hold it. You breathe only with your diaphragm. Your chest and shoulders never move. You feel as though you're holding up this long column of air on which the voice is resting—like one of those balls on a fountain.

Horne And you get these terrific muscles in the diaphragm and in the back—and in the derriere. Really. When I'm singing pianissimo and very controlled

CONTINUED



# Ever wonder who buys them?



We did, too.

So we did some checking, and surprise! There were very few surprises.



**People with 2.3 children**

It came as no shock to find that an overwhelming number of people bought VW Station Wagons because they wanted a wagon that carried a lot and that was cheap to run.

But it was a surprise to learn that people really aren't taking advantage of the VW Station Wagon's enormous size.

The VW holds about 2/3 more than regular wagons: almost a ton. (The VW can hold up to 7 kids with no trouble at all.)

Yet the average family that buys one has only 2.3 children. (Maybe they all have big plans and aren't talking.)

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38% of the VW owners have no

other car, so the VW Station Wagon gets used for all their driving.

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"Why not?" we were answered.



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**38% are 1 car people**

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Volkswagen Station Wagon owners

are pretty well educated: 6 out of 10 went to college and 4 out of 10 were graduated. (Which doesn't prove much, except that you don't have to be absolutely crazy to buy one.)



**6 out of 10 are college people**

We seem to have a high number of doctors, lawyers, teachers, foremen, etc.

And they seem to be quite young: 37% of the owners are under 35.

Something that pleased us is that 79% bought the VW Station Wagon because we have a reputation for making a good product. 140%, in fact, didn't even consider buying anything else.

On the other hand, it displeased us that not even 1% bought it because they thought it had good traction in mud and snow. (Evidently, nobody pays much attention to what we say in our ads.)

All in all, we were happy to learn that VW Station Wagon owners are such nice, sober, industrious citizens.

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'We don't get the same sound  
that people listening get'



Horne as Adalgisa embraces Sutherland, whose role as Norma is one of the most difficult in all opera.

### CONTINUED

coloratura, I feel I've got everything under me. You need a very solid . . . not to mention your legs may be planted like an athlete's. But that is what it takes to hold and measure out that air—let the perfect amount of air gradually pass over the vocal cords—the perfect amount so that the tone is just the way you want it. And I feel almost like the reserve of air goes clear around me like a tire. Maybe that's why we all have spare tires.

**Sutherland** Please!

**Horne** But you know we can't *really* tell whether we're doing everything right, because we can't really hear ourselves.

**Sutherland** No, we don't get the same sound that the people listening get.

**Horne** I can't even tell what you're like, Joan, in a performance. Can you tell what I sound like?

**Sutherland** Up to a point. But the sound is sailing out toward the audience—the sound waves—in a fan shape from our mouths.

**Horne** Many times I've thought this is a nice, big, roomy tone, and out there it's not sounding like anything. The only thing a singer can go by is feeling. Singing is actually a series of sensations that one feels in one's body. When I sing in the chest register, if I were to put my hand on my chest, I could absolutely feel the vibrations terrifically. In the middle register, you resonate in what we call the mask, nose, cheekbones, mouth, sinuses. And in the head register, you resonate in the cavities in the head.

**Sutherland** I think some of us, deary, have more space there than others.

**Horne** One is like a great big orchestral shell and

CONTINUED



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CONTINUED

the hard palate works as a sort of sounding board. And since you can't really hear how each note sounds —except the pitch—you've had to learn from experience just what particular feeling of resonance in which particular spot means you're getting the effect you want. So you kind of aim the sound for the place you know you're supposed to feel the note. In the first low note in *Norma*, I just think that right into my nose with a tremendous amount of support, the buttock muscles are tight, and I place it there dead ahead of me, and bong, I just hit that bull's-eye —right—over—there. A lot of singers are taught to place notes on the teeth. There was a wonderful Italian teacher who used to keep saying, "Right on the teeth. Right on the teeth."

**Sutherland** It's knowing exactly where to find the notes so there will be a beauty of sound: no spreading of the sound, no squeezing, no flattening, no wobbling. We want brilliance and brightness and roundness.

**Horne** You want the tone suspended in air, coming out with terrific ease, lots of sound around it —as though you came in over the note to hit it. How you do that is impossible to explain. That's why there aren't many good singing teachers.

**Sutherland** We have the sensations inside us. They only know what they hear outside. And you ask two singers how they get a particular note, and they'll describe exactly opposite feelings—and what they're doing may be exactly the same thing.

**Horne** Or the teacher will say, "Wonderful! That's a great, free tone. That's it. What did you do?" And you'll say, "I don't know."

**Sutherland** Actually singers are the last people anybody should ask about voice production.

**Horne** What happens is that over a long period of time and practice you find the sensations that work —and that's what a teacher and a student are doing over the years: discovering what works, and then putting a name to it that means something to the singer, then they can return to it. It's all terribly hit-or-miss. It took my husband and me three years before we both understood what he meant when he said, "It sounds more forward." I'd say, "But I'm not singing forward." And then it finally realized that that meant I was singing deeper in the throat while resonating in the mask.

**Sutherland** Many voice teachers deal almost totally in mental imagery.

**Horne** In the middle voice I have an absolute mental picture of a long oval. Extreme high notes are shaped like upside-down triangles. I'm curious, Joan, where do you feel those high notes of yours —the really high ones I don't sing?

**Sutherland** Deary, they come right out of the back of my head—just stand straight up there. And they give me a slight ringing sound in the head.

**Horne** Sometimes I've gotten dizzy from high notes. Do you think it's because somehow the oxygen gets shut off to the brain? There's such a small amount of air going out, right?

**Sutherland** There's supposed to be.

**Horne** Sometimes when we're singing together . . . **Sutherland** Yes, at close quarters, we somehow amplify each other's vibrations, and there's a fast oscillation of sound—an honest-to-goodness sound wave—that goes through my head, through hers and out the other side. It's quite wild. It's like a ringing glass.

**Horne** And it hurts. In the ears.

CONTINUED





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Festival of Freedom celebrates the birth of a nation—ours. And what better way to celebrate than a good, old-fashioned band concert. Each day at noon, listen to toe-tapping favorites and Sousa marches. And get a free lapel pin of Old Glory, too. There's an extra incentive if you open or add to a savings account with \$250 or more during the Festival of Freedom. You'll get a full-sized American flag — complete with mounting bracket and pole — absolutely free.

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Michigan Avenue — the grandest Avenue in the world—becomes even grander during the Festival of the Arts. Talented artists in Chicago will display their works for your enjoyment. So spend some leisure moments looking at these gifted artists' work and if something strikes your fancy, buy it. Or start saving for it by opening a savings account in the Savings Center. In addition to the many plans offered, during the Festival of the Arts you'll receive a beautiful lithographed print of a historic Chicago landmark by opening or adding to a savings account with \$250 or more.

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**Sutherland** You know I never sang the upper B until I was about 18. I always thought that the high C was the ultimate, absolute ultimate. For years I thought I was a mezzo-soprano—and finally it was this husband of mine who heard me just singing around the house and said, "You're crazy because you've got those high notes. You're just scared to use them." He had me stand away from the piano where I couldn't see what notes he was actually playing. And once on a good day, I felt the voice going high and I felt good and he said, "You've got it. You've got it." And I sang a high F sharp in alt. And I've sung very few of those since.

**Horne** That's very interesting. I never knew that. We really are the Bobbsey Twins. I never sang low until I was 16—and now the chest register with me is just a natural gift. For me it just comes out—like throwing up. Good imagery? This is something I'd like to know. When you've been in your head for quite a while, how do you come back down and keep a glossy tone in the middle voice?

**Sutherland** Honey, just don't push it. Let it take care of itself. Be satisfied with the size of the sound you can make. But will we? No, we won't—not with that big orchestra playing away. And you always have this feeling you're walking a tightrope—with a hundred things to break your concentration.

**Horne** Tightrope is right. Audiences want to cheer—but there are always the ones who hope you might get gored because it would be more exciting.

**Sutherland** Sometimes you can actually hear people at the back of the dress circle yakking away, probably tearing strips off us—while you're trying to cope with long dresses, lopsided stages, uneven scenery, people coming in and out of boxes, friends in the front row. In Italy the noise backstage is murder—and with the assistant director telling them to shut up, there's more noise than all the choruses put together. After all, it's a very big open space that you're sharing with two or three other people. Sometimes you're there alone.

**Horne** One thing I always remember about singing with Joan is how she smells.

**Sutherland** Goodness me.

**Horne** Not! I mean I come onstage and I get a lovely whiff of Ma Griffe and then I know where I am.

**Sutherland** Not all of them are like that, dear.

**Horne** Anyway, I think concentration is the biggest single...

**Sutherland** You have to concentrate on your voice production, you have a character to portray.

**Horne** ... Be alert for anything that might go wrong. Maybe I sing a line out of time or in the wrong place or I forget to come in or something. Joan has to be ready to jump in and save me.

**Sutherland** I've lost my place so many times it's not news. I mean, we're only human. And your voice really is something that has to be born in one. The manufactured voices aren't around very long.

**Horne** I was pushed into singing when I was a child. My father, when I was 2 years old, said, there's a voice. At 4 and 5 years old, I was singing in churches. All my life there was this terrific pressure from my family that I must succeed.

**Sutherland** I've always had a living to earn. And there has always been this desire to see how far one could go—you know, further one's career. I think *Norma* is the peak for me.

CONTINUED



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'What a freaky, fantastic thing, our getting together'



During an intermission, Horne and Sutherland calm their nerves with needlepoint

CONTINUED

**Horne** I was singing Schumann's song *Abendlied* in a recital, and this incredible love of music came over me. I felt this must be what all the music and poetry and beauty in the world is all about. And I just ... well, this is why I'm in this game. To be able to experience this one or two times in your life.

**Sutherland** And I think there's the fact that people really seem to be enthralled by one's singing—in this day when there are so many mechanical means of entertainment. It's that terrible thing of appreciation. But it's not just the applause—though that's fantastic sometimes—this great surge that goes up and up. It's also that letter that one sometimes gets.

**Horne** My basic feeling the night of my Met debut was that I was surrounded by nothing but love—from my colleagues, my family, friends, people backstage, love from the audience. That's a feeling that could last you forever.

**Sutherland** Personally, when I sing with you, Jackie, I get goose bumps. For my money, we can go on singing together until we drop.

**Horne** At the curtain call when Joan said, "It's all yours, deary" and left me there alone—well, I probably got a few tears in my eyes. And, you know, during the performance, when Joan and I were in a duet, it went through my mind that tonight this is really being sung fabulously—we're together every second—and what a freaky, fantastic thing it is that two people were actually destined to come together like this. Don't you believe that? This gal from out of the bush in Australia met up with this gal from Bradford, Pa. and here they are standing on the stage of the Metropolitan Opera singing together. ■

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Joanne, 18

Maytag Washer, 1915

Charles, 16



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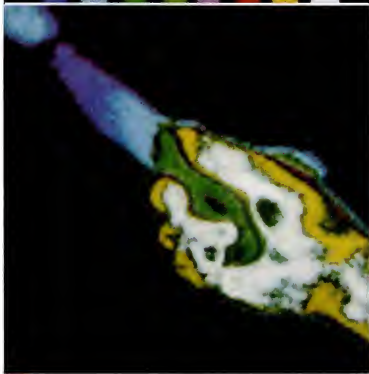
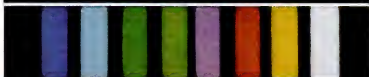
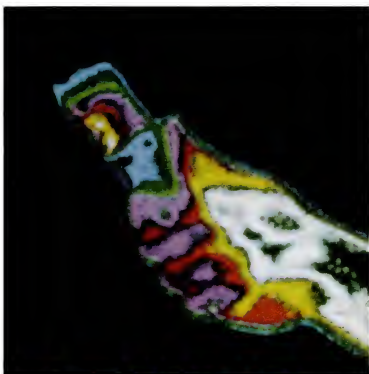


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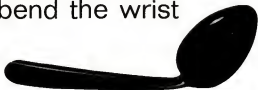


TICHAUER PAINT SCRAPER

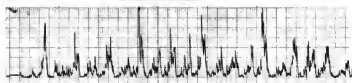
Scraping off old paint, raking up old leaves, shoveling away new snow. Hard work at best, and at worst a pain in the neck—to say nothing of arms, legs and back. But much of the fault for the aches and sprains lies not in out-of-shape muscles so much as in out-of-date tools, says Dr. Erwin Tichauer, professor of biomechanics at New York University. Modern man, Dr. Tichauer points out, often tackles 20th Century tasks with tools designed well before the Industrial Revolution. Technology has taken care of the machinery, but somehow simple tools have scarcely changed at all. In the age of the assembly line, these clumsy devices can have a nasty kickback. Dr. Tichauer charges that dozens of tools, ranging from push buttons to brooms, do not mesh with man's anatomy. They bend, twist and pinch the muscles, tendons, bones and blood vessels, handicapping the body's natural leverage. They are inefficient, pain-provoking and in some cases can be disabling. By applying the laws of physics to the human body, however, Dr. Tichauer has come up with a new line of tools. They may look a little strange, but they work—and what is more they work for man, not against him.

These thermographs, which measure heat—and hence blood flow—show how a common paint scraper reduces circulation to the fingers. Color scale in the middle reads from left to right, with white and yellow indicating good flow. The conventional scraper also strains hand bones and muscles.

Better to bend  
the tool than  
to bend the wrist



Children take naturally to this re-designed bent spoon because it requires no wrist-twisting. Adults accustomed to using an ordinary spoon may find it a bit awkward.



The common snow shovel can be lethal for the driveway athlete who skipped training. But bending the handle increases arm muscle efficiency and makes shoveling more natural. The graphs demonstrate how much less muscle effort the new shovel demands. It also creates a more gradual and significantly lower rise in the heart rate.



"It's better to bend the pliers than to bend the wrist," said Dr. Tichauer, explaining these X-rays of old and new pliers. Bent wrists cut down drastically on muscle efficiency and encourage a heat build-up that can cause joint, muscle or tendon pain or even disability.



# The \$29.95 Colorpack II: We spent the winter making enough for the summer.

\*Suggested List Price. POLAROID®

We were home all winter putting more of these cameras together.

This Polaroid Land camera came out last spring. By Christmas we'd made millions of them and stores were still running out. Color pictures in a minute. \$29.95.

Electric eye and electronic shutter for automatic exposures. 4-shot flashcubes. Sharp 3-element lens.

Anyway, this year we made plenty.

(But it would still be nice to be sold out again.)







Waiting to test a scene on the first day of her new movie, *There's a Girl in My Soup*, Goldie is nervous—an unusual mood for her.

**H**ow golden to be Goldie—Goldie Hawn, that is. Fluffing her lines, biting her lip, mugging shamelessly, looking to heaven for help and breaking up in a giggle that gurgles up the scale and back like a piano exercise, she delighted *Laugh-In* audiences for three years. Then she got her first part in a movie, *Cactus Flower*, and won the Oscar for Best Supporting Actress. She made a TV special as the star (right) and now she's in London (next page) co-starring with Peter Sellers in *There's a Girl in My Soup*, her second film. She never felt the need to be "massively loved," Goldie says, but massively loved is just what she is. With the sex appeal of a Lolita and the innocence of Charlie Brown, there is nothing of the little-girl-lost or everybody's-daughter quality about her, and none of the hidden pathos that made Judy Holliday or early Shirley MacLaine so appealing. Goldie simply makes people happy when they look at her. "Goldie," *Laugh-In* executive producer George Schlatter explains, "just happens to be a gas."

Star of an upcoming TV special, *Burlesque Is Alive and Living in Burbank*, she does a strip, imitates Harpo Marx, sings and dances.



In *Cactus Flower* with Walter Matthau, her dentist lover, she turns on the marvelous rubber face that won her an Academy Award.



The Love of 'Laugh-In' branches out

# HOW GOLDEN TO BE GOLDIE





The wistful look and cigarette (above) are part of a seduction scene from *There's a Girl in My Soup*. Offscreen she is an ex-smoker.

Unable to bring her poodle to London, Goldie went dog-shopping, liked this one, found in a pound, but settled on a Welsh sheepdog.

Mugging for her husband, actor and aspiring director Gus Trikonis, she grimaces in the hairdresser's mirror on the movie set.



## A passion for poodles, perfume and paintings

Goldie Jeane Hawn, 24, named after a late great-aunt whom she still regards as a guardian angel, has graduated from Beautiful Downtown Burbank. In London, making *There's a Girl in My Soup*, she is learning lines, not fluffing them. If her character in the film resembles the *Laugh-In* Goldie, it will be the result of serious attention to acting, not ad-lib mugging for the camera. Off-camera she is, if anything, pleasantly square. She is a knitting nut, a cooking kook, and a homebody when she has a chance—she and her husband, Gus, were married a year ago. About the only outward signs of the gaga Goldie are her worship of her poodle, Lambchop (and now of a new dog, Daisy), and her "thing" about perfumes and rings. She misses *Laugh-In* and will do a guest shot next season, but from now on "it's definitely movies," she says. "That's where the really creative things are being done."





In London's Flea Market, Portobello Road, Goldie, an antique lover, bought a painting she found leaning against an outdoor table leg.





# Have a Bacardi party.

It's the easiest, mixingest party idea ever invented by the swinging crowd! All you need is Bacardi rum. (It's the mixable one because it's light bodied, subtle flavored, smooth and dry.) Then get as many different mixers as possible and invite lots of people looking for fun!

Send for your free Bacardi Party Kit and learn how easy (and delicious!) it is to use Bacardi light rum rather than gin or vodka, Bacardi dark rather than whiskey, Añejo™ rum rather than brandy or Scotch, and Bacardi 151 proof for robust drinks and cookery. Have a ball!

**BACARDI, rum-the mixable one**





C. Burke Elbrick, U.S. ambassador to Brazil, was kidnaped last September in Rio de Janeiro and released in exchange for 15 rebels.



Alberto Fuentes Mohr, the foreign minister of Guatemala, was abducted in Guatemala City in February, and exchanged for one prisoner.



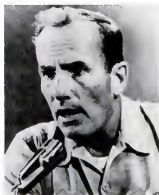
U.S. embassy attaché Sean M. Holly was kidnaped in Guatemala in March and held until the government released three leftists.



Nobuo Okuchi, the Japanese consul general in Brazil, was kidnaped last March. He was released in exchange for five prisoners.



Paraguayan Consul Waldemar Sanchez, grabbed in Buenos Aires in March, was released despite Argentine refusal to meet ransom.



Lt. Col. Donald Crowley, U.S. air attaché in Santo Domingo, was kidnaped in March, freed in trade for 20 government prisoners.



Curtis C. Cutter, U.S. consul in Porto Alegre, Brazil, evaded April kidnap by ramming terrorists' car. He was wounded in the escape.



West Germany's ambassador, Ehrenfried von Holleben, kidnaped in Brazil, was released last week after 40 prisoners were freed.



Ex-President Pedro Aramburu of Argentina has been missing since he was kidnaped in May in Buenos Aires, is thought to be dead.

## PARTING SHOTS



Karl von Sprei, West German Ambassador to Guatemala, was murdered in April after Guatemala refused to pay

\$700,000 ransom and release 22 prisoners. His widow escorted body home but shunned Guatemalan officials.

## Now diplomats serve as targets for "the terror"

Except for the strain of an occasional coup, a Latin American assignment has been—until recently—one of the softest, pleasantest assignments a foreign service man could possibly hope for. But this season, as the 10 men on this page discovered, the climate has turned suddenly sour and terrifying. Diplomatic compounds have become supercharged with tension for the men who live there. Out-of-power terrorists have switched from the traditional snatching of their own country's officials and broadened their clientele. Now they go after envoys from other nations as well, holding them as hostages to be exchanged for comrades jailed by the government in power. In the past nine months, each of the men shown here was the object of a kidnap plot, most of them successful and one fatal. Terrorists have shattered the ancient protocols of international relations and stymied all efforts to stop them. As "the terror" continues, some diplomats are muttering about asking for combat pay.



## PARTING SHOTS

### Sixty rebels are ransom for three envoy's lives

Manacled, anxious and sullen, 13 of the 15 prisoners exchanged by Brazil for American Ambassador Elbrick posed before they took off in an air force plane. They were flown to sanctuary in Mexico.



Brazil exchanged these five political prisoners for the life of Japanese envoy Okuchi, and flew them to Mexico. The three children went along with mother, Damaris Lucena (left), a prisoner.



Flashing the V-for-victory sign and accompanied by four children, 40 Brazilian prisoners, traded for von Holleben, awaited flight to Algeria. When the group arrived, he was released by terrorists.



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